Week ending Oct. 3 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

Begins inside: MY LIFE WITH OTTO JOHN

A wife's moving story of

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A full life . . . in the Royal Air Force

'This is it! Solo for the first time. Start with cockpit checks — instruments, oil pressure, take-off trim. Good. Brakes off . . . a quick look round . . . full throttle.'

'Keep her straight. Ah — not so bumpy, nose wheel is off the ground. Faster . . . faster . . . gently back with the stick . . . up and away in a steady climb.'

'Steady though; we've still got to land . . . Down undercarriage'. . . Down flaps . . . This is living! This is why I wanted to join the R.A.F.'

'Not bad . . . not bad at all. A little wide on the approach, but a smooth enough touchdown. And my best take-off yet. Hope my instructor was watching.'

JOHN BULL
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The Cover

IT was just the evening for a ride—and what sweeter serenade could a girl wish for than the screech of brakes beneath her window? Heavens—there was hardly enough time to keep him waiting! But it's Mother's privilege to see the real background to romance: the down-to-earth chaos of scent bottles, brushes, jewellery and small white jars. "She knows only too well that every daughter must have her fling," says artist Zelinski. "Even if it is all over her dressing table."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

The Privileged Few

IF there's a political party really interested in making us all equal it should do something about the unfair advantage in life with which every pretty girl is blessed.

I've noticed that surly railway clerks, laconic bus conductors, granite-faced commissionaires and supercilious waiters suddenly blossom into beaming, avuncular figures when I am with my nineteen-year-old daughter. Help, aid and comfort are forthcoming in large quantities at the sight of her face—which we of the family had always thought to be on the thin side.

When I am on my own these people are completely successful in hiding their sunny personalities. But the crushing climax to all this came when my boss met my daughter for the first time. He developed an amiable side of his nature hitherto unrevealed to those of us who have served him faithfully for many years.

Any party which promises to change this unfair state of affairs will have my vote.—JOHN GEORGE TAYLOR, Aberdeen.

Nationalized Rescues?

The sight of a lifeboat on show during my holiday prompts me to ask why such an essential and wonderful institution should have to rely on public subscription. Surely the saving of life at sea should be a government responsibility. Money is spent on much less worth-while things.

To think that a seafaring nation like ours has to beg for funds to save life at sea is all wrong. Give these splendid people the money to carry on the good work—and extend it.—H. HOWARTH, Ash Grove, Prestwich, Manchester.

"It's unlikely any government would give us the million pounds we need each year and not want control over us," says the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. "And we think that the present system of voluntary contributions has proved over the last 130 years to be satisfactory.

"We get the money from a generous public. And in turn the efficiency of the system is proved by the fact that over ten years only four per cent of the money we receive has gone on administrative expenses."

Hospitality By Force

We've been hearing a lot recently about alleged police brutality and loss of public confidence in the force.

Why not bolster this confidence, if it needs bolstering, by having police "At Home" days once a year in some of the larger towns.

We have special days for other organizations; a police day shouldn't be too difficult to arrange, provided law-breakers will take the day off as well.—JOHN F. CROWLEY, Brown Street, Greenock, Renfrewshire.

Speed-up Slow-down

George Eyles states (JOHN BULL, August 29) that it takes half a second to move the foot from the accelerator to the brake pedal. Some drivers take longer. This time could be shortened for all drivers if the pedals were put in a different position—if the brake pedal were placed a few inches behind the accelerator pedal.

With a fulcrum in the shape of a narrow bar placed between the pedals for the instep to rest on, the action of raising the front of the foot from the accelerator would cause the heel automatically to depress the brake pedal.—W. PRATT, Hollytree Gardens, Rayleigh, Essex.

The Real Workers

Daily we hear claims and counter-claims from politicians about the nation's present high standard of living.

It is high time this credit was given where it is due, to the working housewives of Britain. By taking on two jobs they do not only increase their

family incomes, but create a vast market, which otherwise would not exist, for all sorts of goods.

Besides boosting home trade, this market provides an important "pot-boiler" which enables British manufacturers to keep tooled up to foreign competition.—S. C. MACDONALD, Crossfield Street, London, S.E.8.

. . . Where are the great orators of bygone elections? As a young man I remember a dozen men in the Commons who could command large audiences wherever they went.

We all remember Churchill's wartime orations, which were masterpieces of our great language.

Do we now distrust rhetoric—or has broadcasting deadened our enjoyment of great speeches delivered to large masses of people?—H. P., Wrexham.

Living At Work

Is there any valid reason why the palatial office buildings now soaring up in our cities should not incorporate bed-sitters and flatlets for the employees who work in them?

This would ease our traffic and accommodation problems. The palaces of the old aristocracy provided homes as well as work—the new aristocracy are altogether too impersonal.—ANNE SHAW, Ashurst, Tunbridge Wells.

"If a rent was charged which employees could pay," says a property expert, "the living part of the office block would be a complete loss.

"And if an economic rent was charged it would be well above any normal person's reach."

Heatproof Seeds

If we are in for a series of long, hot summers, as some experts say, will our seed and plant experts be able to evolve plants which will stand up to drought and scorching heat?

The normal type of plant certainly gave up the ghost this summer.—A. RACE, Herries Road, Sheffield.

"A series of summers like this one would mean a big change in plant-breeding," says a large commercial grower. "But it would be a very long-term business. You can only select individual plants which stood up to drought well and evolve a strain from them.

"What is more likely is that people will change to plants which do stand up well to this kind of weather. We've found that annual carnations and petunias, for example, have done very well.

"Another result would be a change in the way people water their gardens. The ideal is to spray water as a mist—and if dry summers become the rule the public will have to change to this method."

Any Volunteers

If churches have to stay closed during weekdays because of a lack of staff to man them ("Free Speech," September 5), surely volunteers from the parishioners could be asked to do this job on a rota system. Shared out properly, this wouldn't be an arduous task.—MRS. M. P. DICK, Armagh, Northern Ireland.

Sky Trespassers

If a man comes into my garden without permission I can sue him for trespass. If someone parks his car outside my house I can have him prosecuted. But what can I do about the aeroplanes which roar over my house all through the day and night? Could I take action against the airline company for violating my airspace?—B. D. SCOVELL, London, S.W.14.

"Under the Air Navigation Acts you can't stop aircraft flying over your house at a reasonable height," says a lawyer. "However, if the noise is excessive you can complain of a nuisance and it is because of complaints like this that attempts are being made to quieten air traffic."

Gilbertian Campaign

I was delighted to read Gilbert Harding's defence of the fat lady (JOHN BULL, August 29). But why

should he confine his activities to the protection of the fat lady?

Let him form a Society for the Promotion of Vulgarity and then he would be in a position to run simultaneous campaigns for the erection of advertising placards in all scenic areas and other worthy causes, so that eventually we shall become a big, back-slapping, behind-pinching family.—FRANK DONALDSON, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry, Eire.

. . . In his article on the events at Hola Camp (JOHN BULL, June 27) Gilbert Harding refers to "a man named Peters, a Ministry of Works official," and criticizes him for making no protest over what he saw going on. That man is my son, and I think this criticism of him is very unfair under the circumstances. He is a brilliant young civil engineer with a wife and three children who is trying to make his way in the world of today under very trying conditions at Hola.

He has no jurisdiction whatever over these men or the way they are handled. He merely indicates the work he requires them to do, and the warders are responsible for seeing that the work is carried out. His

Free Speech

continued from page 3

letters to us indicate that the scenes were repulsive to him, and he himself helped to attend to these poor creatures and also took some of them to hospital.

He is a good-hearted Englishman, and if he could have done anything he would have done so. He is not lacking in courage.—E. D. PETERS, Wilderspool Road, Warrington, Lancs.

The Happy Men

I, too, am a student working as a ward orderly in a hospital and I disagree with the reader who says ("Free Speech," September 12) that women make better patients than men.

It is the women who moan constantly about their troubles whereas the men are always cheerful, friendly, and generally make light of their illnesses.

In addition, men will help the staff in any way possible while women regard hospital as a welcome rest from chores. —MADELINE MORRISON, Aberdeen.

No Glamour Appeal

What a one-sided picture Harry Hopkins (JOHN BULL, August 29) presents of the difficulties of finding jobs for school-leavers!

There are hundreds of jobs for which suitable youngsters cannot be found, largely because of the lack of "glamour-appeal," and because of the poor public relations of the industries concerned.

Among these are local government, transport services and health service.

Youngsters should be guided and encouraged in finding worthwhile careers in these interesting fields.—V. J. I., Catford, London, S.E.6.

. . . I was amazed to read that, in an area where the problem of finding openings for boys leaving secondary schools, no fewer than seven girls were accepted for electrical engineering apprenticeships.

Priority should have been given to boys. There are plenty of worth-while careers more suited to them which the girls could have chosen, such as nursing and catering. — MISS E. M. ELLIS, Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

Late Blossom Time

In our garden an apple tree was in blossom in the middle of September. It has already borne fruit this year. Does this mean that the seasons are gradually changing?—F. CALVERT, Queensbury, West Kirby, Cheshire.

"It's not unusual in prolonged summers like this year's for apple trees to produce secondary blossom," says an expert on fruit-growing.

"However, it is almost unknown for a second crop of apples to follow."

Guns For Sale

Few people know that any child can obtain a firearm licence on payment of 10s. across any post office counter, no questions asked.

Most countries on the Continent not only have a minimum age of eighteen for gun licences, but those who apply have to satisfy a police test that they are competent in handling guns and suitable people to have charge of such lethal weapons.—DUDLEY J. GLANFIELD, Windlesham, Surrey.

"This licence is for revenue purposes only and should not be confused with the firearm certificate which is issued at the discretion of the local Chief Constable," says the Home Office.

"However, no certificate is needed for possession of an air-pistol, air-gun or shot-gun. For these a licence only is required and this can be obtained by anyone at a post office."

Current Hold Up

How many people know what benefit they are missing because of the government's reluctance to make electric block storage heaters (at present restricted for industrial and business consumers) freely available to the public?

These would minimize air pollution and solve much of our coal problems.

Controlled by a time switch, these heaters utilize electricity produced during the night.

Heat is stored in them and given out during the day in gradually diminishing quantities.

Why is it impossible for the householder to buy one?—MRS. M. GIBB, Tilford Road, Farnham, Surrey.

"The Customs and Excise authority has exempted block storage heaters from purchase tax on the understanding that they are used only for industrial and commercial purposes," says the Electricity Council.

"It has been considered that they may not be ideally suitable for general domestic purposes, but we do not share this view.

"Constant representations have been made in the past few years to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that block storage heaters, perhaps in a modified form, could be used for domestic space heating without incurring purchase tax."

Keeping Bread Clean

Does anyone know the origin of the English custom of wrapping bread in tissue paper? While other packaged goods are generously wrapped in paper bags, the freshly baked crusty loaf is offered in a mere wisp of soft, fragile paper.

This generally results in bread rubbing against potatoes, library books or hairy coats.—K. CAMPBELL, Wingerworth, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

"This is merely a convenience for the customer," says a bakery expert. "A newly baked loaf gives off a considerable amount of moisture and if hermetically sealed or wrapped in a paper bag, the contents or the bag would soon be soggy.

"The semi-absorbent tissue paper allows the moisture to escape and also gives a measure of protection."

Milk Protection

I recently heard that in Denmark milk is being sold in brown bottles. The reason for changing over from clear glass is because scientists have decided that sunlight on ordinary glass robs milk of seventy-nine per cent of its vitamin C.

The loss with brown glass is only 1.3 per cent. If this is true, it is worth considering here.—GORDON H. WAGSTAFF, St. James Avenue, Thorpe Bay, Essex.

"We've heard about this and we're naturally very interested," says the National Dairymen's Association.

"However, while we like to see progress, we find that public opinion in this country is against any other form of milk bottle than clear glass—because people insist on being able to see the cream line.

"And we like to give our customers what they want."

Price Of Progress

There seems to have been a change in price ticket psychology over the past thirty years. Articles used to be marked £1 19s. 11½d. rather than £2.

I remarked on this to a shopkeeper who said that a short sounding price aroused less deliberation than one requiring a second or two to pronounce.

An era of prosperity has brought a new attitude towards money. People speak casually nowadays of a couple of pounds or a fiver, and are much less price-conscious with a round figure.—H. DALBY, Aldershot, Hants.

What YOU think about Mosley

Many thanks for Lionel Davidson's fair article on Sir Oswald Mosley (JOHN BULL, September 5). No matter how much one may dislike Mosley it is undemocratic and cowardly to deny him the right to state his case.

Some local city councils in the past have instituted their own dictatorship by banning his meetings.

The citizen will decide for himself what political path to follow.—E. LEE, Kirkby, Lancs.

. . . Oswald Mosley should stay put in his Chelsea St. Helena. This bighead of the thirties is now Britain's number one nonentity. The man in black will not return.—A. C. HAIN, Staple Hill, Bristol.

. . . We of Union Movement are not men of violence and we do not hate Jews or Negroes. What we hate are out-of-date policies, ideas and the politicians who try to enforce them. The population of Britain will not stand for many more coloured immigrants coming into this country.—PETER DAWSON, Bethnal Green, London, E.2.

. . . After attending many open-air meetings on Durham Downs, Bristol, I'm sure that the crowds gathered only to witness the rough stuff which ended every meeting.

The Blackshirts were so popular that the speaker never turned up without a bodyguard of strong-arm men. Once they were armed with short black sticks and several times threatened hecklers.—L. T. REES, Clapton, London, E.5.

. . . Nowadays Mosley seems to be the only politician capable of discussing seriously revolutionary ideas. Unafraid of confessing the limitations of his own experience, he has a vitality and sincerity which are a breath of fresh air in this age of clichés, meaningless slogans and parties without programmes. — RICHARD KEAN, Handsworth, Birmingham.

. . . Mosley did not march through London's East End. He attempted to do so, but was turned back by thousands of anti-fascists, comprised of ordinary, decent British citizens.—A. M. BERNERS, Ilford, Essex.

. . . With several friends I went to a prewar Sunday meeting of Mosley's. Being members of the Church Lads' Brigade and having just attended church, we went in our uniforms.

During a skirmish a member of our party was struck across the face. The assailant had mistaken our uniforms for those of Mosley's Blackshirts. I needn't add that we beat a hasty retreat.—B. K. HEATH, Gawber, Barnsley.

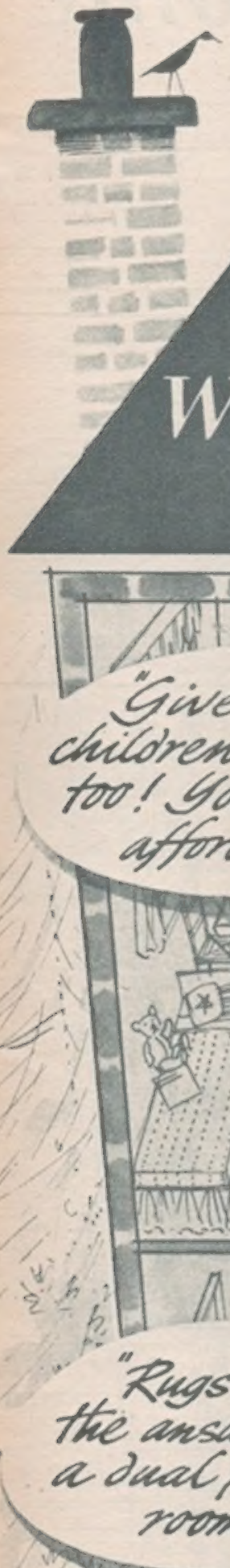
A SEAL FLIES BY

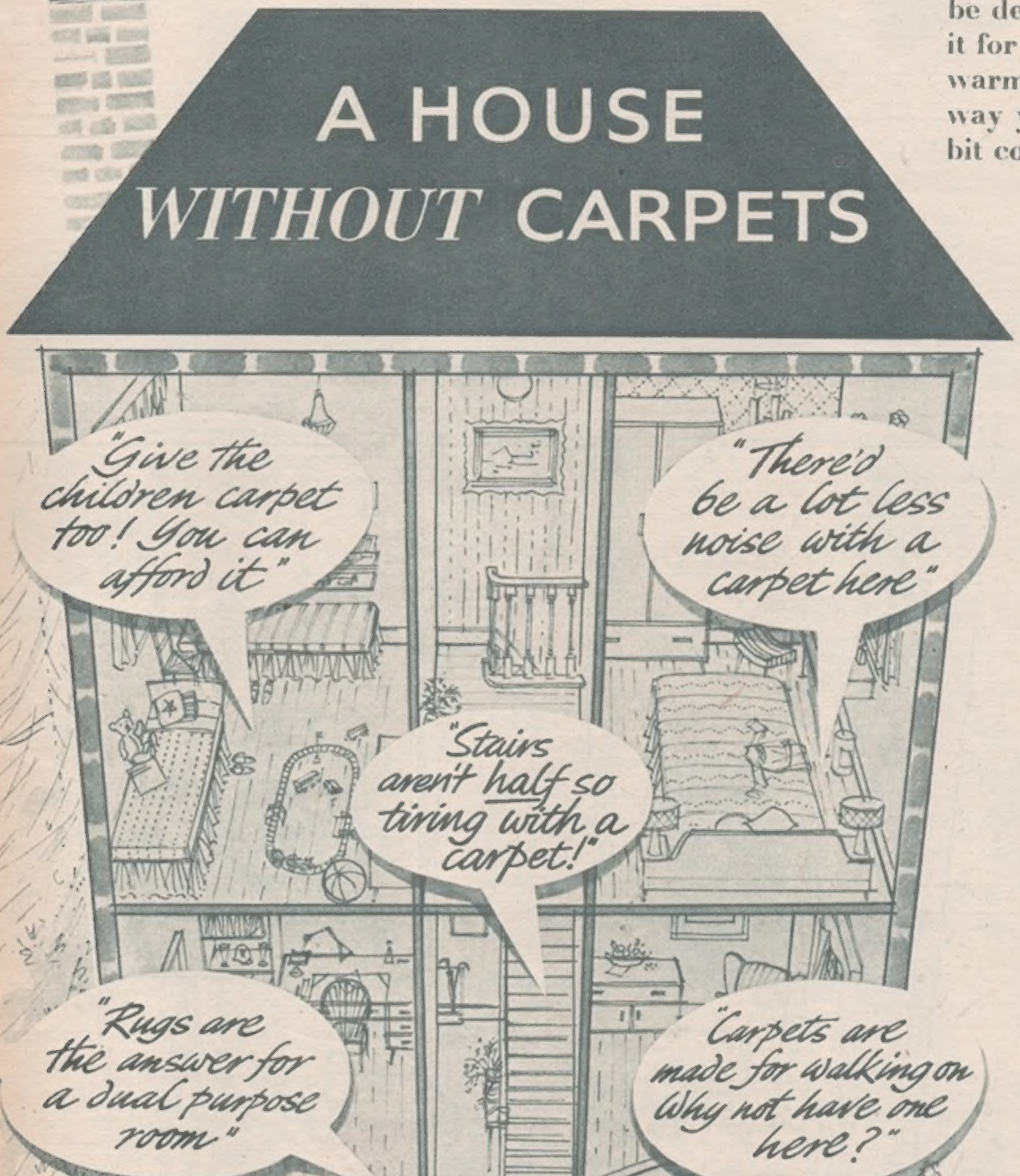
by RONALD PEARSON

Warm, enchanting, true. . . . The moving story of two seal pups, Diana and Flipper, told by the man who caught them. They started life in the sea off King's Lynn—and grew up in a lake in an English garden **BEGINS NEXT WEEK**

Build your Home around the CARPET

by JOHN SIDDELEY




A HOUSE
WITHOUT CARPETS
"Give the children carpet too! You can afford it"
"There'd be a lot less noise with a carpet here"
"Stairs aren't half so tiring with a carpet!"
"Rugs are the answer for a dual purpose room"
"Carpets are made for walking on Why not have one here?"
"Why not have a warm welcome here?"

Before you settle down to read this article, lay the magazine aside and have a good look around the room you are sitting in. Try to be detached about it, as if you were seeing it for the first time. Do you get a feeling of warmth and cheerfulness? Or is it, in some way you can't quite put your finger on, a bit cold and unhomey?

IF IT IS, ten to one you haven't got a carpet on the floor. In a way, one could say you've got a house but you haven't got a home—because really and truly a home is built around the carpet. If that seems exaggerated just think about this—isn't home a place where we should be able to be cosy and relaxed, where the cares of the day can be soothed away? A place where the foot should fall softly, and where indeed we should be able to pad about without shoes if we feel like it?

Colour and gaiety

All this comfort and cosiness, this quality of a real home, is just what carpets give you. Besides this, too, they can add an awful lot of colour and gaiety—I wouldn't be without carpets in my own home for the world. All my life, I've made sure of building my home around the carpet.

I know what a lot of you will be saying now. "It's all very well for him to talk about carpets like this—but I just *can't* afford them. I suppose I could get the cheap kind, but what's the good of them? They wear out in no time."

Well, I sympathise. I agree it's been very difficult in the past to afford the kind of carpets we all want: but now the problem is answered. I've come across some rather wonderful carpets made by the old established Scottish firm BMK. They're called 'SYNTILLA' and they're real woven Axminster, made in the age-old traditional way with a proper carpet backing.

And the prices are really reasonable, being in fact in the same range as tufted carpets. You can get these 'SYNTILLA' carpets in seven sizes—there's bound to be one that's right for your room—and to fit halls and stairs, and there are 'SYNTILLA' rugs too.

Patterns with a 'Plus'

Now something I haven't yet told you. These carpets are patterned, and this can be a very definite 'plus' when it comes to working out a decorating scheme. Stop reading this for a minute and take another look around your room. Where have you got your main block of pattern? I imagine that a good many of you have got it in the wallpaper and possibly on a chair or perhaps the curtains, but I wonder how many of you have thought of a patterned carpet with plain walls and covers. Did you know that it will make a room seem bigger, which in most of today's homes is an enormous advantage as a first impression?

I suppose the habit of putting pattern on the walls and having a plain carpet has arisen because a plain carpet seems an easier thing to fit into a decorating scheme. But of course it raises lots of problems. Many people worry that plain carpets will mark or show wear easily. I sympathise with them, especially if they have children coming in straight from the garden with muddy feet. And the answer for them is surely to buy patterned carpet—especially a BMK 'SYNTILLA' carpet.

BMK is the House which Makes the Carpets which Make the Home

From the decorative point of view BMK 'SYNTILLA' carpets are ideal, just because they have this lovely range of patterns. And they're ideal from other points of view too. Their backing of jute and cotton will ensure long wear, and because they're made as individual carpets and not in broadloom you can easily turn them round to distribute the wear without having to start rearranging your room.

Designed for you

Here are carpets that really have been designed with you in mind. What a far cry they are from past times! Did you know that once there were no carpets in this country, and floors were commonly strewn with rushes? It was perhaps at the time of the Crusades that carpets started coming in, when returning husbands brought them back from the Orient as a peace-offering to patient wives. But right up to the end of the eighteenth century they were only to be bought by the very rich—Aubusson and Savonnerie patterned carpets were designed to fit the elegant salons of France.

But now, with the advent of wonderful patterned carpets like 'SYNTILLA' you don't have to be rich to enjoy this kind of luxury. You can achieve the elegance of decorating schemes which are based on the pattern of the carpet, and have warmth and comfort and cosiness besides.

The choice is yours

Choosing the pattern is bound to be an important part of your purchase. Literally everyone is torn between choosing what they like and what they think will please other people. The blend and design of colour are bound to be noticed by your friends, and even though you may pretend to them that you don't care what they think, inwardly you'll be very hurt if they don't like your choice.

Please though, don't think that I'm advising you to play 'safe' and go for dull, dreary colours because that would be far from the truth. Slowly but surely, we are saying good-bye to muddy tints, such as custard yellow, dirty green, and school-room brown, and welcoming the clear tones of Spring. And BMK 'SYNTILLA' comes in such a wide range of patterns and brilliant colours that there is room for anyone to be as adventurous as they please.

In order to make absolutely sure that these brilliant 'SYNTILLA' colours are true and will remain so over the years, BMK take a specially white yarn and then dye it to the required colours. And when the carpet is woven, those colours go right through to the backing. When you go into your local store to buy your new carpet, there are one or two easy tests you should try to see what sort of quality you are being sold. The salesman will respect you for it, and it will satisfy you that you are getting the very best you can afford.

Make this test

Bend the carpet back and look at the pile, make sure that it's not loose or woven too far apart; pull it from corner to corner and make sure it doesn't pull out of shape; in fact, give it a few minutes of wear and tear. If it's properly woven and dyed like 'SYNTILLA' it will come out with flying colours, but anything else which doesn't seem quite right to you, I advise you to leave strictly alone. If you can't make up your mind on the spot, ask the salesman if you can take a pattern home—because it's only when you see the pattern in your own room that you will be perfectly happy that colour and design are right. If the salesman isn't very helpful, then write to the manufacturer. He designed the carpet with you in mind, and he'll always be glad to give you all the help he can.

On the opposite page you will see that I have taken some examples of carpet which I have chosen from the BMK 'SYNTILLA' range to illustrate my point, that patterned carpets aren't a thing of the past and aren't out of date. Far from it. I sincerely believe that patterned carpets are very much a thing of the present and future. I think that they will mean more and more in decoration for modern living. There are endless possibilities for them in every room, and by using them you will find that your home begins to glow with colour and suddenly come alive.

for the CHILDREN

BMK 'Syntilla' pattern No. 0579

Whether they are five or fifteen, a really up to the minute design will make them feel good. If they're toddlers a carpet will keep them warm when crawling and also it's softer when they fall. For the teenagers, it will deaden noises (even of a long player!) and they'll feel really important when you give them a modern room for their modern ideas.

By the way, if you see a stain, make sure what it is before you start cleaning it. When in doubt, call an expert. Treat a carpet with respect, don't hang it over a line to be beaten; if you must beat it, then turn it upside down on a dry lawn.

for your BEDROOM

BMK 'Syntilla' pattern No. 0581

Here you must be as feminine as possible. All the soft pastel colours should be yours because this is the room in which all women spend so much of their time—even packing to go home to mother. Roses are always fashionable and in tones of greys, pinks and lilacs, with plenty of muslin or broderie anglaise as curtains, you will never wake up feeling tired.

Make sure your floor is ready for your carpet before you lay it. You will always get fluff on a new carpet, but don't spend hours trying to remove it. Gentle brushing! And never use a vacuum cleaner more than once a week on a new carpet.

for your LIVING-ROOM

BMK 'Syntilla' pattern No. 0567

The room which will get the most wear and should give you the most pleasure. Here, a delicate pattern with a symmetry in its design will give you a feeling of modern living in space and comfort. You will avoid the cluttered up look and make the room seem larger by concentrating your pattern on the floor and leaving the walls plain. Always use an underfelt to prevent wear. (Incidentally BMK underfelts are of unsurpassed quality—and they come in sizes to fit your BMK carpet). Make sure the floor is even. Loose floor boards, trailing flex all help to shorten a carpet's life. Put down paper as well to stop dust coming through open floor boards. One last point. Cigarette ash is not good for a carpet and moths are a thing of the past because BMK carpets are guaranteed moth-proof.

for your HALL AND STAIRCASE

BMK 'Syntilla' pattern No. 0570

First impressions are always the most important, so when choosing something for your hall and staircase, remember to look for boldness in design which will make for warmth so that your entrance seems inviting and friends are glad to come.

When buying stair carpet, always order an extra half yard because you should move the carpet along at least twice a year to prevent wear—and even oftener when it's new. Stair rods are better than clips because they hold the full width of the carpet and prevent 'bagging' in the middle.

Rugs for ALL ROOMS

BMK 'Syntilla' pattern No. 0559

In this dual purpose room I felt that one could use a patterned carpet with a rich red ground. The light furniture then seems important and fresh. My study is arranged like this and I feel very happy when I am working in it.

In this article I have given you a few hints on the care of carpets. BMK have produced a booklet—'Easy Care for your BMK Carpets'—which contains a lot more. Why not write for a free copy to: BMK (E.3) P.O. Box 9, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

BMK 'Syntilla' Carpets offer low cost luxury that lasts

Wonderful 'Syntilla' Yarn

The wonderful new yarn in BMK 'SYNTILLA' carpets has been tried and tested thoroughly for a very long time. In fact BMK have made sure it's quite perfect before allowing these carpets to be sold to you. Now it's being made in very big quantities, which means that as well as high quality you're also benefitting from a low price.

Bright, clear colour

You really will be pleasantly surprised when you see how the colours in 'SYNTILLA' glow. This brightness and clarity is possible because the new yarn used by BMK is pure white before dyeing. And remember the colours go right through to the backing.

Glorious patterns

You've had a choice of plain or mottled carpets for years, but it's only now with 'SYNTILLA' that you're able to get these wonderful patterns at the kind of price you want to pay. A real patterned Axminster at a reasonable price.

No stretch, no sag, no moths

When you go to buy a carpet always make this test. Pick up a piece and give it a good pull from corner to corner. If it hasn't got a proper backing it will stretch and sag, and end up looking like an old dish rag. But if it's 'SYNTILLA' you won't get any of this stretching. Here's another big point: like all BMK carpets 'SYNTILLA' is moth-proof for life.

Woven carpets are best

They stand up to so much more wear because of the extra body a good woven backing gives. BMK make sure you'll be satisfied with their carpets by making them all with this kind of backing—woven in the traditional way with jute and cotton. 'SYNTILLA' carpets are a blend of all that's best in the old ways of making carpets, with a wonderful new yarn.

Really economical to buy

'SYNTILLA' carpets are made in seven sizes, to fit every likely size of room, so there's no waste at all. And because of the wonderful new yarn the cost can be kept down and the saving passed on to you. Compare 'SYNTILLA' with other carpets on price and quality and you'll see how 'SYNTILLA' scores in every way. You'll probably find you can afford to carpet much more than you thought.

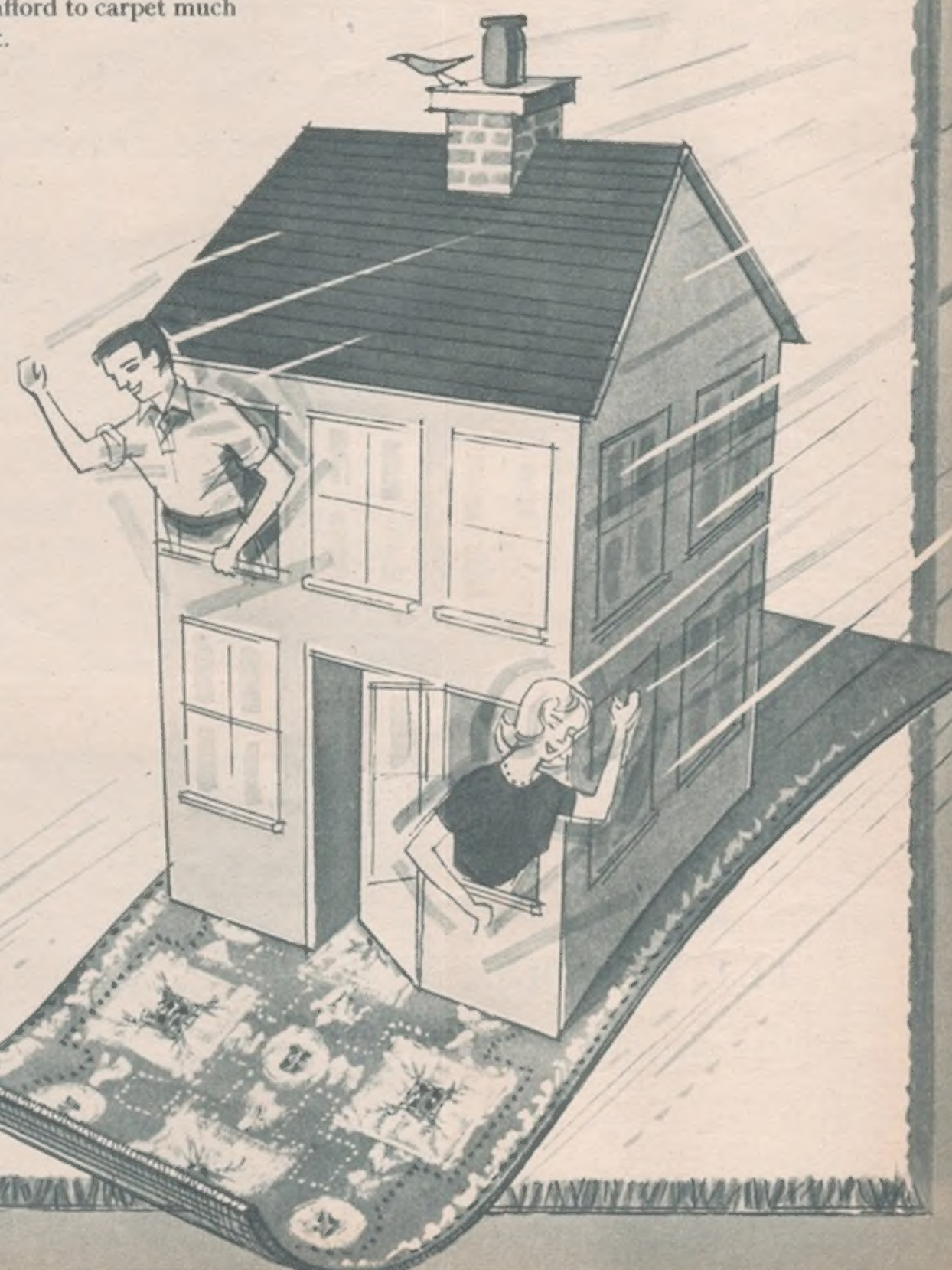
Wonderful comfort

Just think of the comfort and warmth that 'SYNTILLA' carpets can bring into your house. And with none of the marking that you get with plain carpets! A gay patterned floor to your hall with 'SYNTILLA' corridor carpets or rugs, and the soft springiness of a 'SYNTILLA' staircarpet too! With 'SYNTILLA' carpets it will look as though you've moved into a new house, and you'll be the envy of all your friends. And your husband will be able to walk about without shoes on and still keep his toes warm. Just that would be enough to earn you *his* compliments.

Always look for the BMK label

Because you know that it means a great deal. It means high quality at prices much lower than you'd expect. It means great care has gone into the making and honest craftsmanship into the finish. It means wonderful design and clear bright colouring. But above all it means a carpet designed with you and your home in mind.

For the names of BMK stockists in your neighbourhood, or a free copy of 'Easy Care for your BMK Carpets,' write to: BMK (E.3), P.O. Box 9, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire



FRIDAY JULY 23 1954
Security chief, the man who was in Hitler bomb plot, vanishes
MISSING
VANISHED SP
Was he abducted? Was he lured?
No. 1
ABDUCTION FEARED
From Our Own Co
KIDNAPPED SPY
CHIEF MYSTERY
SWOOP BEGINS
From REGINALD PECK Berlin, Thursday
—kidnap
walk-out
Dr. John lured out, say Germans
We approved him—Eden
BONN, Monday.—Dr. Otto John, the missing German security chief, was trapped into going over to East Germany and did not defect, said Dr. Schroeder, the West German Interior
The West's

Why had he gone? They called him a traitor . . . but deep in my heart I knew he was innocent

The day my husband vanished

At ten minutes past five on the evening of February 10, the telephone rang in my cottage at Hampstead. I had just finished laying a table for two in the dining-room. In the refrigerator was a bottle of Otto's favourite champagne.

The call was expected. On that day, my husband Otto had crossed the Channel in the Belgian steamer Prince Philippe, and was due to land in England.

Six months earlier he had been released from Munster prison after serving two-thirds of a four-year sentence for allegedly giving information to the Communists. The charge, although false, amounted to treason. Now he had been given a passport and was able to leave Germany.

I tried to seem casual about picking up the instrument but I could hardly pretend, even to myself, that I was not excited at the prospect of hearing Otto's voice.

He said: "I'm at Dover—in the police station. They have decided I'm an undesirable alien and won't allow me to enter the country."

"That can't be true, Otto. Surely somebody has made a mistake," I faltered.

"No, it's not a mistake. Listen, darling—I am ordered to leave on the same boat tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock."

"But it sounds impossible. I'll try to get a deferment. . . ."

I put the telephone back on its rest. When

Lucie John, the loyal wife who never lost faith in her husband

My life with Otto John

continued from previous page

I had recovered from the first shock of acute disappointment, I didn't feel any particular emotion. Since the day in July, 1954, when Otto suddenly disappeared from Berlin—at that time he was head of West German Intelligence—and found himself in the hands of the Russians, I have developed a resilience against trouble.

Even now, five years later, Otto and I are still having to suffer the consequences of that event. The same questions are still being asked about his motives: did he really desert to the Reds? did he sacrifice himself for the cause of German reunification?

At the time of his disappearance we were staying together in an hotel in West Berlin. I was with Otto when he met Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth, the man who had so much to do with his disappearance. During all the seventeen months when Otto was in the hands of the Communists I managed to remain in contact with him.

As his wife, I have always known instinctively that Otto could never have gone over to the Communists of his own accord. When he first called on me, in 1946, bringing greetings from mutual friends in Germany, I was delighted to meet a German who still cherished the same ideals of a German culture in which I myself had been brought up.

Before the war, as an opera and lieder singer, I had belonged to a circle of musicians and artists in Berlin, which had gradually been split up and driven from Germany to other parts of the world by the Nazis.

One by one my old friends and colleagues—Schnabel, Jascha Heifetz, Kleiber and Klemperer, Piatigorsky—drifted away from Germany. In 1934 I came to England to sing at Glyndebourne; two years later I decided to settle in Hampstead where, at the time Otto called on me in 1946, I had established myself as a teacher of singing and voice production.

Otto was delighted to find in my home a similar atmosphere to that of his own. At that time he was admired and respected in Britain for his part in the unsuccessful bomb plot against Hitler. After the assassination attempt he had managed to escape from Germany.

As we talked, Otto's manner was grave and courteous, but I noticed that his face was haggard; he breathed hoarsely. I asked him: "Do you suffer from asthma?"

"I really don't know. Sometimes I feel as if I'm choking."

"How long have you been feeling like that?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he burst out: "Since I heard that my only brother Hans and all my friends were murdered by the Nazis after my escape. I got away, and they were tortured."

My training in physiotherapy told me that Otto had developed asthma through mental suffering. I was able to help him, and gradually he recovered. We developed a deep understanding.

Soon after that first meeting we went for a walk on Hampstead Heath. It happened to be a wonderful spring day; I remember the great carpet of daffodils which stretched out in front of Kenwood House. The new chocolate-brown spring costume which I wore for the occasion matched them, I thought, rather well.

I'd often wondered how Otto managed to get to England after his escape. Now I couldn't hide my curiosity. "How did you get over here while the war was still on?" I asked him. "Some people say you were a British agent."

"The people who think that must be out of their minds," said Otto. "I got in touch with the British in Madrid in nineteen forty-two, to see if there was any chance of an anti-Nazi government coming to terms with the Allies once we got rid of Hitler.

"When the *putsch* failed in nineteen forty-four I escaped by air into Lisbon and went into hiding. The Portuguese arrested me by mistake, with a group of Spanish immigrants, but some English friends of mine persuaded them to release me, and I was taken to an internment camp in Britain. Then I was released as a political refugee, and I joined a team working on psychological warfare against the Nazis."

Early in 1948 Otto returned to Nuremberg to work on historical research at the invitation of the U.S. War Crimes Commission. It was then that the first innuendos against him, which were later to mount to hysterical abuse, began. "Otto John is a traitor," whispered many of the ex-Nazis in defeated Germany, "and a stooge of the Americans."

In the following year, while Otto was acting as an interpreter at the trial of Field-Marshal von Manstein in Hamburg, the new Federal Republic was formed. Loyal Germans, who had fought against Nazism, were being sought to take over responsible positions in the country. One day in November, 1949, Otto telephoned me from Hamburg.

President's postcard

"Lucie, what do you think?" he said gaily. "I've had a postcard from President Heuss. He wants me to go and see him. I think he's going to give me a job in the diplomatic service. Will you marry me and come back with me to Germany?"

"Back to Germany?" I echoed into the telephone. I was staggered. All at once the idea of returning seemed feasible. The fact that Theodor Heuss—who had been one of my father's closest friends—and his courageous wife Elly had taken over leading positions in the new republic was very encouraging. . . .

Otto and I were married quietly at Hampstead on Christmas Eve, 1949. Neither of us was young any longer; our love was based on a deep sense of companionship and the knowledge that we shared the same outlook in everything that mattered.

It was almost a year before we went to Germany. Otto waited in vain for his expected appointment. Much later, we heard that his application had been pigeonholed. Then, in November, 1950, he was suddenly called to Bonn. Over the telephone, he announced: "I've just accepted a post as head of the Office for the Protection of the Constitution."

"What's that, Otto?" I asked.

"It's a kind of political intelligence."

These words—and their hidden implication—immediately struck a chill of fear into me. "What do you mean, Otto? Is it a kind of Gestapo?"

His chuckle was reassuring. "No, nothing like that, Lucie. In fact I shall see to it that there will never be a Gestapo again."

I arrived in Cologne, where Otto had established his headquarters, late at night. Next morning I drove down with him to his office near the cathedral. We passed through acres of ruins and rubble. People in fancy dress were dancing on the bomb sites and crowding into makeshift grandstands.

"You got here at the appropriate time, darling. It's the big Rose Monday carnival."

I said: "It reminds me of a *danse macabre*."

For a long time Otto was busy day and night, engaged in activities against enemies of the republic ranging from Communists to neo-Nazis. He thought of himself as one of the few Germans who could hold the balance in the political struggle between East and West. "There are too many extremists in Germany," he told me, "who take one side or another, and not enough liberals who can see both sides."

Actress who spied

Otto's one weakness as an intelligence chief—which was later to be discovered, and exploited, by the Communists—was his compassion for others who were less fortunate. I will never forget how moved he was by the plight of an actress in Berlin who had been caught spying for the Reds. She had taken up espionage because of a disease which paralysed one side of her face, and left her destitute.

One spy ring, known as "Vulcan," was formed inside a West German industrial group. More than thirty members of the group were rounded up for interrogation, and their names were issued for publication.

A spokesman for the accused men called on Otto, very agitated. The spokesman told him, "We joined the organization in good faith. This bad publicity is ruining our businesses."

When they left I could see that Otto was incensed. "These men are having their reputations ruined for political purposes," he said. "I'll go to Karlsruhe tomorrow to see what I can do for them."

I never fully learned what passed between Otto and Herr Weber, the judge who was conducting the investigations. Most of the "Vulcan" members were later prosecuted, but nearly all were proved innocent and received large sums in compensation. Three years later the same judge was to interrogate Otto at his own trial.

Although we lived in a large and roomy official residence in Cologne and had many visitors, with Otto frequently absent on his duties I was often lonely. Late one night, while he was at a conference, a British liaison officer turned up with an urgent message in a sealed envelope. When Otto returned he read it and said: "I've got to go round to Allied Headquarters."

"What now?" I protested. "In the middle of the night? What for?"

"I can't tell you, *liebchen*," said Otto, and left in hurry. This was no unusual experience for me. Next day I learned that Dr. Naumann, a former assistant to Goebbels, had been arrested by the British and charged with plotting to revive Nazism. But Naumann and his colleagues could not be brought to trial; they were released for lack of evidence.

One result was that neo-Nazis spread the rumour, "Otto John is up to his old tricks. He persecuted Naumann. He is a British agent with an anti-Nazi mania."

I did not realize what a damaging effect this distortion was to have on Otto's reputation, but it was eventually held against him at his trial. Yet he had opposed Naumann's arrest. "A few Nazi fanatics could never again become dangerous," he told me. "They should have been given a bit more rope to hang themselves."

Nearly every action of Otto's in those days was later to be dug up for examination with a view to giving it a

After a proposal by telephone, Otto John and his wife were married at Hampstead in 1949. With them was his step-daughter, Gisela Mann

Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth — with companion. Lucie John accused him of kidnapping her husband, Otto. Below, the Hotel Schaetzle, in Grunewald, where John was last seen

new and usually sinister purpose. One day a seedy looking man called at the house and asked to see Otto.

The visitor proved to be Baron von Putlitz, whom Otto had met in London during the war. The baron had been a diplomat, working at the German Embassy in London under Ribbentrop. He had spent the war years working for the British. When he returned to West Germany after the war he had been branded as a traitor; shortly afterwards he had disappeared into the Soviet zone.

Otto refused to meet him officially, but for old times' sake asked him to dinner. "I hope he won't be too much of a nuisance," he told me, "but I want to hear what he has to say Anyway, I think he could do with a square meal—I found him eating a pork chop in the street."

The baron informed Otto, "The future of Germany lies in the East." Gently Otto tried to persuade him otherwise. When von Putlitz left—to my great relief—Otto informed the British of his visit; the baron carried a British passport.

Communist agent

Later, it was said that this harmless eccentric was a Communist agent sent to sound Otto on the possibility of defecting to the East. By not informing the German security forces of the baron's visit Otto was accused at his trial of being "more pro-British than pro-German."

But soon we were to entertain an infinitely more dangerous visitor. One morning, while I was getting ready for a holiday with Otto in Switzerland, a call came on the direct line from Otto's desk. "Dr. Wohlgemuth just rang me from Bonn to say he's coming over to see me. Shall I ask him to dinner tonight?"

"Who's Dr. Wohlgemuth?"

"A casual acquaintance of mine. I first met him in 1941 and I've seen him in Berlin occasionally. He's got a big practice there, and has a very high reputation as a surgeon. He is said to be fond of women and fast cars, and when he was a student he played in one of Berlin's top jazz bands at night, to pay for his training. I believe he still plays occasionally, just for the fun of it."

"He seems a strange character," I said. "Shall we make it seven thirty?" Both Otto and I were ignorant, at this time, of the other aspect of Wohlgemuth's character—of his contacts with the Communists across the frontier.

The doctor—small and neat with well-shaped, expressive hands—kept us waiting; finally he arrived with a girl. Trying to mask my irritation, I asked the maid to lay another place at the table.

Wohlgemuth then slapped Otto cheerily on the back. "I was called to Bonn to examine this young lady's father," he said. He turned to me. "I was looking forward to meeting you—I understand you're a musician. I play the trumpet."

I suggested: "Let's go and have dinner."

The girl—security men were later to discover that her father was hale and hearty—took little part in the conversation. I tried to draw her out. "Are you doing some professional work in Bonn?"

Wohlgemuth answered for her. "Yes, she works in one of the ministries. As a matter of fact, I wanted to take her out tonight to hear some good jazz. Let's all go together."

"Otto and I are too tired," I told him. I knew Otto disliked such outings as much as I did.

Never carried gun

Wohlgemuth left with the girl. But the plausible little doctor from Berlin had entered our lives for good; he was destined to lead us to disaster.

At this time, early in 1954, Otto and I spent much of our time at Hohkeppel, a nearby country village where we had rented a couple of rooms. Walking and horse-riding in the country were Otto's favourite pastimes.

He never hunted game; after reading the works of Albert Schweitzer he had vowed never to carry a gun. Sometimes when I picked flowers for the house he would object: "Why don't you let them grow?"

Despite this side of his nature, Otto never shirked the harsh decisions his duties often imposed on him. Walking through the fields at Hohkeppel I once asked him, "Do you intend to stay in Intelligence long, Otto?"

"No, I hope to go back to the legal profession. I've had a few offers already. But I want to get my work here properly established before I hand over."

I was relieved. "I don't think this kind of work suits your character," I told him.

Otto passed it off jovially. "As a singer, Lucie, you shouldn't talk. Why, the first known spies in history were troubadors."

This period was perhaps the happiest of our lives. For me, it was marred only by a vivid dream. I was trapped in a room with numerous doors, and I felt encircled, and in great danger. Trying desperately to get out of the room, I was turned back at each door

The ceremony to mark the tenth anniversary of the 1944 anti-Hitler bomb plot in which Otto John took part, and in which his brother was killed. Otto attended the ceremony—and disappeared that night

GILBERT HARDING ASKS ...

Are you sure it's the noise that annoys?

I AM sure we are paying through the ear for all the noise we daily endure. So I am glad that new life has just been put into the old Noise Abatement Society.

But I was sorry to hear that, at its first meeting, the noise-haters were so angry and so vociferous that Sir Gerald Kelly was compelled to shout: "I do hope you will abate this b—— noise," and walked out of the meeting.

Nevertheless, three subdued cheers from me for anyone who is attempting to curtail the din made by hooligans who roar through the night on motor-bicycles, by road-drills, pile-drivers and jet planes, to say nothing of the blessings of Home, Light, Third, Luxembourg and two raucous telly systems, all going full blast.

It is only too easy to bellyache, of course, about the din of daily life, but I should like to remind the noise-abaters, and myself, of a shrewd French saying: "I do not like noise unless I make it myself."

After all, "noise" is not an absolute term; one man's noise is another man's music. Church bells and clocks with cultured voices striking the hour and even the quarters, I delight in. I see, however, that not long ago a warrant officer at Bicester was having a high ding-dong with the vicar because the sound of his bells was "alien to the ears of the musically conscious."

Good people in Barnet, who live near a church in Elton Avenue, recently asked to have their rates reduced because of the "noise" of hearty hymn singing—presumably "Jesu give the weary calm and sweet repose."

Sound and fury

I was pleased to hear that a man with a Dawes sound-meter discovered that the woman announcer at Paddington made more "noise" than the hissing steam of an incoming train. But there you are. I do not happen to be particularly fond of the railway ladies who try, so studiedly, to keep their vowels open, but I do greatly like, and have done ever since I was a boy, the purposeful puff of those one-time green Great Western engines.

Now I cannot abide the high whine of the new diesel locomotives. But does not that prove that the "noise" that upsets us is meaningless noise, sound and fury signifying nothing to us?

The noises we find it easy to endure are "our" noises. I am quite ready to believe that the roar in the night of a motor-cycle can be dulcet music in an anxious mother's ears.

I am quite certain that the aggressive, *Woof—here I come* gear and exhaust noises of certain young men in low-slung sports cars is a mating call and so, I suppose, music, too, in a maiden's ear.

So we cannot be—or, rather, we should try not to be—too nasty and neurotic about other people's noise. The psychologists tell us, and for once I am prepared to believe them, that we only hear the noises we want to hear.

Normally we do not hear, unless we listen hard, the ticking of the clock in our room. I remember seeing a film, some time ago, in which a man was waiting to go to the scaffold. On the sound track was no music, only the ticking of the clock.

Look at yourself

Mercifully we do become deaf to an enormous number of sounds around us. If we are concentrated we are unaware of them; when we do become aware of them, then there is a noise. A good fifty per cent of our irritation is irritation with ourselves; we find an excuse for our idleness, our lack of concentration, and blame the radio across the way, the church bells or, even, the worst excuse I ever heard for stopping studying, "the noise made by that cat walking about."

I would ask the noise-abaters to take a good look at themselves first.

There *is* a problem, of course. I am infuriated by jet planes assaulting ten thousand ears. It maddens me that some industries and builders are permitted to deafen and drive mad a whole district. I am infuriated, and rightly so, when people who should know better bang their car-doors at three in the morning.

The problem seems to me to be a matter of manners, no more, no less. Manners are a happy way of doing things, doing to others as you would be done by. Respect is at the heart of all good manners; they are an expression of self-discipline, of goodwill, of respect felt for other people's rights, comfort and feelings.

Excessive noise, bad driving, so many things that well-meaning people attempt to tackle in isolation, are in truth symptoms of a deeper disease, an utter disregard for others by Jack who is all right.

Ours is inevitably a noisy world; I know only one place where I can expect complete silence and that is the grave. But excessive noise means a waste of the spirit, friction, tiresome anger. Cannot the inconsiderate shut up? It is sheer bad manners to throw one's unwanted noise at other people. THE END

continued from previous page

by Cossacks. As I opened my eyes Otto was entering the bedroom with our early morning tea.

Still perturbed, I told him, "We are being surrounded by Russians." I described my nightmare. "You take your dreams too seriously," he said, laughing. "You know what I dreamed the other night? I dreamed I was being torn to pieces by big bears."

That evening, I met at a Christmas party an official of Otto's office who was responsible for security. While we were dancing together, I expressed my fears about Otto's safety, and asked the official to keep a close check on him.

Early in 1954 Otto had to leave Cologne for a visit to the United States. Long before this the conspiracy against him was being laid; we were not to know that Wohlgemuth had been taking tape recordings of Otto's conversations at each of their meetings in Berlin, or that he was compiling a dossier on Otto—this was found in his flat after Wohlgemuth had fled.

The tenth anniversary of the July 20 bomb plot was approaching. Otto was due to attend a celebration in Berlin to mark the occasion. On July 15, soon after his return from America, we flew to West Berlin and booked in at a private hotel in the Grunewald district.

On our third day in the city I returned to the hotel to find Otto pacing up and down. We'd arranged to go out to dinner. "You look annoyed, Otto," I remarked. "What's the trouble?"

"I'm waiting for Wohlgemuth," he said. "He promised to come round with a certificate for the widow of an old friend of mine, who has died from war wounds. He should have been here half an hour ago."

I knew about the certificate, which Otto had been trying to get from Wohlgemuth for several weeks. It was typical of him to take up the case of a defenceless widow. But this time his compassion was to play into the hands of his enemies.

As we were about to leave, Wohlgemuth appeared — without the document. He came along with us to the restaurant, but refused a meal and ordered coffee. "No more of your miserable excuses," Otto told him. "You won't get any peace until you sign that certificate."

"I'm quite prepared to do it," said Wohlgemuth blandly, "but I've been waiting for you to help me make out the correct legal wording."

"You can do it quite easily yourself."

Suddenly Wohlgemuth turned to me. His eyes—I had noticed this before—had a hypnotic quality which never failed to make me feel slightly uneasy. "Otto doesn't look too well, does he? I've offered to give him a medical check-up. Perhaps you would like one too?"

Sinister purpose?

"Me? Why should I? I'm perfectly all right."

"Maybe you have no confidence in me?"

"How can I? I don't even know you."

This curt answer seemed to disconcert him. He poured out the rest of his coffee, drank it up, and left. At the time I didn't attach much importance to the incident. Later, I wondered, did Wohlgemuth have a sinister purpose in trying to get us both to his surgery at the same time?

The city swarmed with thousands of people who had come for the celebrations. On the nineteenth we were joined by Prince Louis Ferdinand, one of Otto's companions in the resistance against Hitler.

Late in the evening Otto invited some of the surviving conspirators back to our hotel. Frau Schaetzle, the proprietress, obligingly provided a "late-night breakfast"—the term used by the plotters for their evening meal, which usually had to be taken in the early hours of the morning. I can recall Otto's horrified astonishment when one of his friends revealed that he had been to the Communist zone to buy books. "Do you want to be kept over there by the Russians?" he asked.

Next day—the day of the anniversary—I went with Otto to a church service to commemorate the fallen. Otto—whose brother had been among them—was moved to tears.

The day's festivities left us weary as we returned to our hotel. At eight o'clock in the evening Otto went out again, while I had an engagement with a scientist from the Siemens group. He left a brief message to say he wouldn't be long.

But he hadn't returned when I went to bed at ten. An hour later a taxi drew up outside the hotel. Hopefully I looked down from the window. It was Prince Louis Ferdinand. Throwing on a dressing-gown, I ran downstairs to meet him. "Otto hasn't come back," I said. "I don't know where he is."

The Prince tried to reassure me. "Don't worry. No doubt he's staying the night with some of his old resistance pals."

'Otto is missing'

Wedged in the door of our hotel suite I found a note to Otto from Wolfgang Hoefer, a United States intelligence officer, delivered when we were out, asking Otto to telephone him urgently.

Hoefer had been friendly with Otto in Cologne. He had been born and bred, like Otto, in Wiesbaden. Later, he emigrated to the United States, and he had returned to Germany with the U.S. forces. But lately, I knew that Hoefer had been getting restive. He wanted to get out of intelligence, and he had asked to help him find another job.

At six in the morning, after a sleepless night, I called the number opposite Hoefer's name in the intelligence directory. "Otto is missing," I said. "He hasn't been back to the hotel all night."

"All right. I'll locate him for you. Don't tell anyone else for the time being."

But Hoefer failed to find Otto. Two days later he committed suicide. Had he been blackmailed by the Communists into supplying information about Otto's movements? Hoefer left a note behind him, but its contents have never been made public.

As the day wore on without news of Otto's whereabouts I became nearly frantic with anxiety. I telephoned all the hospitals in the area. I called on his secretary; she hadn't seen him since the previous evening.

I learned that Otto had taken a taxi from the hotel at seven thirty. I telephoned the manager of the taxi firm. He told me, "The driver who took that fare didn't come to work this morning. He said he'd found a better job elsewhere."

The hotel porter recalled that on the previous day a visitor had called at the hotel to see Otto—Wohlgemuth. Otto, who was engaged, talked to him briefly in the foyer. Wohlgemuth then left.

By the evening of the following day the Berlin police were combing the Western sector of the city. They traced the taxi driver, who stuck to his story that he had driven Otto to the Kurfürstendamm in West Berlin, and dropped him there. This account was verified by a lie detector. But by now vital hours had been lost.

Meanwhile, three members of Otto's staff had flown in from Cologne. Together we pondered over every possible cause of his disappearance.

While we were going through his appointments book my eye fell on the latest entry—the name of Wohlgemuth. "That man has something to do with it," I cried. "His surgery is at the corner of the Kurfürstendamm."

At their request I rang Wohlgemuth's surgery. A nurse answered. "Doctor Wohlgemuth? No, he's not here. He went away yesterday."

"When is he coming back?"

"He didn't say."

Instinctively I said: "My husband is in the hands of the Russians—and Dr. Wohlgemuth is responsible!"

© *Lucie John, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: *I hear Otto broadcast—for the Reds*

So you want to be an ACTRESS

"It takes ten years to make a star overnight." That was Dame Sybil Thorndike's warning to Olive McFarland (left), here preparing for a TV play

The stage is a scramble. For the few there will be stardom; for most, a long wait in the wings

by ROBERT HOLLES

WHEN Olive McFarland, a young, bubbling blonde actress, finished her course of drama training with the Bristol Old Vic company a few years ago, she set off for London, hoping to break into the West End. On her arrival she booked in at a theatre agency in Charing Cross Road.

The agent asked her to stand on a chair. She did so. At his request, she turned this way and that. Then the agent asked her to lift her skirt. Miss McFarland did so diffidently, but protested when the agent commanded, "Higher."

She told him: "I don't have to act with my legs."

"You'd be surprised what you have to act with these days, ducky," replied the agent.

Every year about 1,500 eager and optimistic young actresses leave the drama schools in London and the provinces and begin looking for work on the professional stage. The majority are bound for hardship, disillusionment and eventual failure. It has been estimated that, within five years, fifty per cent of all actresses leave the profession—they get other jobs or marry. Of the remainder a large proportion do no more than subsist, hoping for their big chance.

The principal reason can be summed up in one word: overcrowding. Hugh Jenkins, assistant general secretary of Equity, the actors' trade union, reckons there are between 12,000 and 15,000 professional entertainers in Britain. About a third are not making a living at all—they exist on national assistance, take part-time jobs outside the theatre, or live on relatives. Another third are just scratching a living. The remainder are doing tolerably well. "Only a few hundred are doing very well indeed," says Jenkins.

Of the two sexes, women are worse off. When John Fernald took over as principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in 1955, he found that women students outnumbered men by three to one. Yet in the average play, male characters outnumber females by about seven to three.

It is at the drama schools that the scramble begins. Brenda Kaye, now a leading lady at Liverpool Playhouse, went to the Central School of Speech and Drama after competing with hundreds of would-be entrants. Fifty-six men and women started the course; only nineteen finished. Within three years only five of them—including three women—were still working in the theatre. Another of the survivors is Virginia McKenna.

Beauty not vital

One of the top drama schools, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art, runs a two-year course costing £27 in tuition fees. Entry is by selection at periodical auditions. At a recent audition eighty girls competed for fourteen places. "I can usually tell if a girl is going to make an actress," says the principal, Michael MacOwan, "by the current of physical life which flows through her." Beauty is important but not vital. "An actress who is quite plain will glow with an inner fire when she is at work," says MacOwan. Tall girls are at a disadvantage—the current fashion is for small actresses with slim figures.

Reasons for failure extend beyond lack of ability. MacOwan lists the essential qualities as "terrific guts and great sensitivity, sincerity and a sense of truth." Actresses must have a genuine vocation for the job. One type is known to teachers as "therapeutic." They take up acting in order to fulfil a subconscious need to develop themselves socially and intellectually. Some have great ability, but lack staying power. MacOwan prefers to train girls who have had a few years in another job. "They are better equipped if they have seen a little real world."

Once outside the protective walls of the drama school, the aspiring actress must face her biggest test—how to obtain professional work and gain experience. The prospects of joining a repertory company—the usual market for beginners—are fair for a student from a top drama school, remote for a girl from a lesser one, and almost non-existent for a girl with no dramatic training.

Small repertory companies seldom pay more than £15 a week to their players; bigger ones pay up to £25. Beginners start as probationers for their first year at the minimum of £5 15 0 a week. Many young actresses spend two or three years learning their job in

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He was off on a musical ride—straight into trouble. And the only man who could help was away singing his head off

Beppo's day out

by PATRICK RYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

THERE were two main colonies in that neck of the Old Kent Road in which I spent my formative years—the Irish, on one side of the Catholic church, and the Italians, on the other.

The Italians mostly worked at selling ice-cream in the summer and roast chestnuts in the winter. Chicky Paleto's Uncle Carlo was an exception; he played the barrel-organ all the year round. He was a beautiful singer, too, a regular *bel canto* tenor, and Father Gregory was the only man in the district with a voice to match him. When the two of them got together at Christmas and sang "Adeste Fideles," it was music to move the heart of the devil himself and to bring even my own father to the church door.

Uncle Carlo was a fine, full-bellied figure of a man, strong as a lion and, when at peace with the world, as gentle as a lamb. But he had a terrible, towering temper and legend had it that he left Italy in a hurry because he killed a man who ill-treated his monkey.

Beppo was the monkey's name, and he was a little bright-faced capuchin. Dressed in a drummer boy's uniform with a scarlet pillbox hat, Beppo rode on top of the barrel-organ and danced to the music. Uncle Carlo loved him more than anything else in the world.

Like all monkeys, Beppo liked peanuts and bananas and such, but his favourite delicacy was a raisin dipped in rum. There were twelve tunes in Uncle Carlo's organ and at the end of each complete recital he used to give his partner a spirited raisin. That meant that when they had a long day, up at the Cup Final or somewhere, that capuchin usually came home half cut.

UNCLE CARLO'S repertoire was a sound mixture of Italian, cockney and Irish songs—"O Sole Mio," "Only A Bird In A Gilded Cage," "Swanee River" and other popular gems, and it always finished up with the soulful strains of "The Rose Of Tralee." When his master started in about the pale moon was rising above the green mountain, the sun was declining beneath the blue sea, Beppo used to jump up and down in excitement because he knew that raisin-time was near.

Chicky Paleto—twelve, swarthy and sharp as a tack—was my boon companion at the time, and we used to collect an odd bob now and again from his Uncle Carlo when, on special occasions, he sang in the choir of the old Italian Church in Saffron Hill. At such times he would pay Chicky and I to meet him wherever he was working in town and take the barrel-organ home for him, thus allowing him to go straight to the church.

Whenever Gigli, the great tenor, came to London, he would pay at least one visit to the Italian Church and sing with the choir. He did this, one day in September, and Carlo booked us to collect the barrel-organ outside Madame Tussaud's at half past four. When we met Uncle Carlo there, he took off the pom-pom hat and red-and-gold toreador's jacket he wore for busking and folded them away in the box on the barrow.

"You look after Beppo real good, Chicky," he said. "This is the greatest night ina my life. Tonight, I sing with the greata Beniamino Gigli himself." And he went humming on his way.

For a few minutes, we trundled down the Marylebone Road.

"You know," said Chicky. "I've got an idea. We could make ourselves a few bob before we go home."

"How could we?"

"Do a bit of busking. That stall market down the side-street looks a likely spot."

We turned down the sloping street and pulled into the kerb. I was a bit of a choir-boy myself and, while Chicky turned the handle, I gave out with *My Dear Old Dutch* in a brisk and piercing falsetto. A cat washing itself nearby took off like a rocket at the first full note.

There was a morose-looking bloke selling mechanical white mice on the pavement next to our pitch and, after we'd collected fourpence in about ten minutes, he came over.

"Gitoutofit," he growled. "You're ruining my spiel with that row. That steam-whistle of yours is splitting my lugs and scaring all the customers. So, gitoutofit!"

"You get out of it," said Chicky. "You ain't got a licence, anyway."

"Don't you give me none of your lip," the bloke said. "I'll soon show you what's what round here." And he picked up the shafts of the barrel-organ, heaved back, and gave it a full-blooded shove and sent it rolling away down the hill. Rumbling like Niagara, bouncing like a buggy, the organ gathered speed and made hell-for-leather for the market stalls.

WE raced after it, but it had us licked for speed and before we could lay hands on the shafts it brushed against the side of a fruit stall. A pyramid of oranges tumbled to the ground; the road became carpeted with apples. The barrow ricocheted off, brought down a vegetable stall, a fishmonger's counter, a tower of caged birds, a tricycle of embrocation, and came to rest with its prow embedded in the back canvas of a gramophone record emporium.

All was chaos and pandemonium. Everybody, everywhere, was yelling blue murder and wallowing in a sea of bird cages, pineapples, cabbages, haddocks and medicated rubbing oil.

"Quick," yelled Chicky. "Get the organ and scarpor."

Each lugging at a shaft, we got the barrel-organ out and rolling downhill again. We beat it down the road as hard as we could go, and took the first turning.

We didn't stop till we got up near Regent's Park and our tongues were hanging out like greyhounds'.

"Thank the Dear," I gasped, "we're safely out of that lot. They'd have had the organ off us to pay for the damage."

Chicky was examining the barrow.

"Holy mackerel," he yelled. "The monkey! Beppo! He's gone!"

The tasselled cage was empty. It must have burst open during the mêlée.

CHICKY, who lapsed into Italian in moments of stress, said, "*Madonna mia!* I've lost Uncle Carlo's monkey. I'll never be able to go home now. He'd murder me before I got five words out. Just like he did that man in Italy."

"You'll do no good moaning," I said. "We'll just have to go back and look for the monk. But we'd better park the organ first. If those barrow-boys see us with that, they'll murder us, never mind Uncle Carlo."

We put our vehicle down a turning, padlocked the wheels, and breathed a short prayer that nobody of our type would find it. Gingerly, we scouted around the outskirts of the stall-market for any signs of a runaway monkey. After a fruitless half-hour, we found a little girl sitting on the kerb and playing with Beppo's pill-box hat.

"Where'd he go?" I asked.

"Down the park," the little girl said. "He was undressing as he went along."

Just inside the gates, we found Beppo's red jacket and, a bit farther on, his yellow trousers. Away across the park, a bunch of kids were looking up into a tree.

"That'll be him," said Chicky. "Gone back to nature."

Beppo was sitting half-way up a horse-chestnut, eating an orange. As we came up, he gibbered derision, ran out along the limb and leaped across to the next tree. There was a regular grove of chestnuts and he swung along the tree-tops while we dashed after him below. When the trees ran out, he dropped down on top of a towering line of railings which ran across the park. He turned and jeered at us and then leaped down among a party of wallabies who were passing the time of day in an enclosure on the other side. Before they could believe their eyes, he was off again and racing into the bushes.

"Blimey," said Chicky. "He's in the Zoo."

The fence was covered with wire mesh and we had no hope of climbing it. And I didn't like the look of the biggest wallaby either.

"We'll have to go round the front entrance," Chicky said. "I know the way."

Unfortunately they wouldn't let us through the turnstiles into the zoo. The attendant wanted two bob and all we had was the fourpence from busking.

SO we told him we only wanted to look for a monkey we'd lost, but he just said he didn't want any sauce and came out bent on clipping ears. So we went down to the canal bank and scouted along for a suitable gap in the defences.

The autumn mist was creeping along the water as we wriggled under the wire.

"Looks like closing-time. Everybody's going home," Chicky said.

I said: "Where we going to start looking, Chicky?"

"Round the Monkey House. Stands to reason that's the most likely place he'd go. He's not seen a female monkey for years and years."

Keeping under cover, we made our way towards the Monkey House.

"We'll lie low for a bit till it's all clear," Chicky said.

We hid in the bushes and watched the twilight come down across the deserted gardens. Buildings grew hazy in the distance, trees became monsters in the mist, and the cages were strange, dark caverns. The evening silence of the animals was more frightening than their daylight clamour. A coughing growl from the Lion House, the faraway moan of a hyena, the shivering laugh of a bird—these quiet and single sounds fell eerie and menacing upon the fading light.

When even these had stopped, we crept out of hiding.

"We'll have a look in those trees behind the Monkey House," said Chicky.

Well, either he was dead lucky, or a born biologist, because we were looking up at a sycamore when a mushed-up orange landed on my head and an angry gibbering came from above.

"There he is, Chicky," I said. "Out on the end of that long branch. I suppose he can see into the Monkey House from there."

"I think we've got him," Chicky said. "He's worked so far out on that branch to get an eyeful of female that he can't possibly jump into the next tree. You climb out after him and he'll either have to let you get him, or jump straight down here, and then I'll get him."

The branch must have been about thirty feet in length and, half-way along, it ran above the corner of an enclosure. I was up the tree and just working my way to that point when a keeper came running along the path below.

"Oi! You come down from there! *Pheeeeeeep!*" He blew a great blast on his whistle.

I wriggled quickly forward to grab at Beppo. He swore angrily and leaped straight at my head. I ducked, twisted

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Beppo's day out

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sideways, teetered for a moment—and fell out of the tree.

The top of the enclosure was covered with string netting and I landed on it feet first. It broke my fall for a second, bounced me, then split, and let me gently through to the earth below.

As I got to my feet, a great hullabaloo of honking and squawking went up and all about me beat fluttering wings.

"Blimey! I'm in a bird cage!"

It was a big open-air aviary, populated mostly by wading birds. Hunting for a way out, I had to beat a trail through frenzied gaggles of cut-down storks, ducks on stilts, feathered umbrellas and camera tripods with rainbow-painted wings. A right old bird-bedlam was spreading alarm all over the Zoo before I found a gate.

As I opened the gate and stepped on to the path, the whistling keeper made a grab at me but I ducked under his arm. He turned to come again, but his pursuit was cut off as a battalion of web-footed, stick-legged, shining white and glossy-coloured water-birds burst gobbling and quacking and whooping out of the enclosure.

"This way," yelled Chicky. "He went off down here."

Bells were ringing now, whistles blowing, and keepers belting up from all directions. The animals were startled out of their evening torpor. Monkeys yelped for joy at the mêlée before them; lions roared for silence; gorillas bellowed; wolves howled; and the sea-lions took up the panic-call. Elephants trumpeted in reply; parrots screeched happily back as we galloped past their quarters, hotfoot after the streaking Beppo.

"Beppo!" shouted Chicky. "Beppo! Come back here."

The polar bears joined in as we went by their home and came in sight of Monkey Hill. The railings around the Hill were being painted and Beppo shot up a ladder that had been left there, over the top, and, while we were still twenty yards away, went scuttering up the lower slopes. A dainty little grey baboon ran down to meet him and they bounded along hand-in-hand up to the higher rocks and disappeared.

"That's done it, Chicky," I gasped. "I'm not going over there."

"We'd never find him, anyway," Chicky said despondently. "There must be hundreds of monkeys up there."

A posse of keepers came at us from the Mappin Terraces. We turned and ran . . . straight into another lot.

HALF an hour later we were standing before the desk of one of the high-ups at the Zoo. The animals were still beating it up outside.

"I've listened to your story about this monkey—this mythical monkey that no one else has ever seen—and I just don't believe you," the man said.

All the carnivores got together in one concerted roar and the windows rattled. High-up groaned.

"Just listen to them," he exclaimed. "Lord knows when we'll get them quiet. And the water-birds all over the place; one keeper kicked by a llama; another in the pond with the sea-lions; a girl in first-aid upset by goats; two gorillas in hysterics; the R.S.P.C.A. on the telephone asking what the hell I'm doing to the animals; and the Union man outside with a list of complaints. You've a lot to answer for my lads."

The copper he'd called in opened his notebook avidly.

"But you got our monkey in here," said Chicky angrily. He'd explained it all four times already.

"We've got a hundred and fifty-eight monkeys on that Hill and. . . ."

"You've got a hundred and fifty-nine. And one's Uncle Carlo's."

"I don't believe you've got an Uncle Carlo. If you have, where is he now?"

"Up at Saffron Hill singing hymns with Benjamino Gigli."

High-up threw out his hands in despair. "Get them out of here."

I reckoned all he really wanted was to get rid of us. Anything for a quiet life. If we offered him a decent excuse, he'd as soon let us go.

The telephone gave me an idea.

"Anybody round our way will tell you it's true about Beppo the monkey," I said. "You ring up somebody."

"All right then, who?"

That set me back. Telephones were rare in our social sphere. Only plutocrats had them and at one time or another we'd upset all the plutocrats.

I had a brainwave.

"The church," I said. "You ring up Father Gregory."

When he'd got the number, High-up handed the telephone to me.

"You'd better explain," he said. "I don't think I'm up to it."

"Hallo, Father Gregory," I said. "It's Chicky and me. Sorry to bother you but we're in the Zoo."

"Very appropriate. And what are you doing there?"

"We're looking for Uncle Carlo Paleto's monkey named Beppo. It's got up on the hill with all the others and he's out singing with Gigli and there's this copper going to run us in and if Uncle Carlo finds out he'll do us just like that man in Italy. . . . And nobody believes a word we say and I thought if you told them it was all true they'd forget about the keeper who was kicked by a llama and the water-birds and the gorillas with hysterics. . . ."

I told Father Gregory everything in detail but he didn't seem to understand. He talked to Chicky, High-up and the policeman in turn but they didn't seem to get things straight for him either.

"Now listen!" he bellowed finally at the copper. We could all hear him clearly. "I don't know what in the name of wonder is going on up there but nobody's taking either of those boys to any police station till I arrive."

LATER on, Father Gregory's old Austin Seven rattled up outside and he bustled into the room and set about cross-examining everybody like a lawyer. Eventually he satisfied all of them that our actions had been well-intended, whatever their outcome. High-up said he was prepared to forget the whole thing, provided that Chicky and I got out and never came back.

"But we haven't got the monkey back," protested Chicky.

High-up groaned again. "But we haven't a hope of finding him up on the Hill at this time of night," he said. "There's caves up on that rock even the keepers don't know. It usually needs five men for a week to stock-take up there, and even then we're never sure we've got the lot."

"But I've got an idea for getting him down tonight," Chicky said. "It might not work but, if everybody co-operated"—he looked sideways at Father Gregory—"it might."

"Don't look at me," said the priest warily. "But just what is the idea?"

"Raisins soaked in rum and 'Rose Of Tralee.' "

"Oh no!" moaned High-up. "We're not off again!"

"Beppo loves Uncle Carlo more than anything in the world," went on Chicky. "And next to him he loves raisins soaked in rum. He knows that when Uncle Carlo sings 'Rose Of Tralee' it's the end of a recital and he's going to get a soaked raisin. So, the one thing that'll bring him down off that Hill would be Uncle Carlo singing the song and offering him a raisin."

"But your Uncle Carlo's not here," said Father Gregory.

Chicky swallowed, and gathered his courage. "No, Father," he said. "But you are. You're a fine figure of a man like Uncle Carlo, you're the only one with a beautiful voice like his, and we've got his costume."

Father Gregory sighed. Then he said: "More years ago than I care to remember, we were all gathered together after ordination and the bishop said: 'It is a long and difficult road you have chosen to tread and along its way the Lord will call upon you to

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Your future hangs on these few votes

by HARRY HOPKINS

In a marginal seat every call a candidate makes can win the vote that gets him in. By mobilizing housing estate support Gordon Richards (above) hopes to gain Maldon for Labour; at Blackburn, Tory John Yerburgh (left) thinks he can win a working-class seat

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Here is the key to the election—a searching analysis of the crucial seats where the winners will take all

THE bright-blue door opened, revealing a yard of contemporary wallpaper and a housewife holding a pan. For the twenty-second time that morning the young man on the doorstep smiled pleasantly and said: "Good morning. I'm Gordon Richards, your Labour Party candidate."

He held out his hand across the step. "Do you think I can rely on you for your vote at the election?"

A spaniel thrust its head round the side of the door and barked tentatively. A small boy began to wriggle his way on to the step. The woman pushed both back in, put down the pan and said: "Well, you can on my husband's."

"And you, madam?"

"Oh, I expect so. I don't agree with him altogether . . . I get so fed-up with hearing him talking about it. . . ."

With a few remarks about the way children got through their clothes these days, Gordon Richards, a thirty-year-old Acton teacher fighting his second general election, moved on to confront the next brightly coloured back door, a lemon one this time, on the Braintree housing estate. In 1955 Labour lost this constituency (Maldon) by 550 votes. Well-directed "doorstep work" could make the difference between defeat and victory.

And not in Maldon alone.

For the famous British political pendulum, which for so many years swung strongly and dependably between the two main parties—after one or, at most, two periods in office—seems of late to have been losing momentum. Now, almost halted, it moves only a few degrees on either side of the vertical. The electoral consequences of this novel state of political equilibrium are now about to be demonstrated.

More than three-quarters of Britain's 630 parliamentary seats are held by majorities so large that a very vigorous swing would be required to make any change in them. But, in the last Parliament, there were 131 members with majorities of under three thousand, including ninety with under two thousand and thirty-nine with under one thousand. Smallest majority of all is Labour's in Faversham, Kent—fifty-nine—followed by the National Liberal in Bradford North, with ten more.

The vital areas

It is in these few score "marginal constituencies" that the decisive fight will take place. Scattered all over Britain, they are yet, in the main, broadly characteristic of certain types of area. Most of the major conurbations have a few marginals. But Greater London, with its mixed and shifting population, has no less than seventeen—the narrowest being Baron's Court, held for Labour by 125 votes.

Then there are the prosperous Home Counties. Here a number of areas have been turned politically unstable by the precarious balance between the two broad streams of immigrants that have flowed into them in recent years—on the one hand, the workers for the booming new factories, on the other, the City types seeking seclusion or retirement.

"Older," more remote areas of Britain like the West Country and East Anglia are kept "marginal" as much by the survival of old forces, like the old Radical Nonconformist tradition, as by the appearance of new ones.

It is in the West Country's marginals that the Liberal hopes are centred. In Cornwall North last time, the Liberal lost to a Conservative by only 1,604; while at Hereford Robin Day needs to add a further four per cent swing to that gained by Frank Owen at the 1956 by-election. In Plymouth (Devonport), another famed television figure, Michael Foot, forfeited his seat last time by only one hundred votes.

Out in the great bay window of England, Norfolk was the first large rural area to turn Labour. And today, of the county's six seats, five are highly marginal, three currently held by Tories, two by Labour. Neighbouring Suffolk has four marginals, the most

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precarious being Eye (Conservative majority, 889).

But it is on turning to the North of England and Scotland that you come to those marginal areas which are probably giving Lord Hailsham and his assistants their worst worries. Here, in crumbling and decaying towns, lies the homeland of Britain's old, declining industries; here, in the last year or two, the spectre of unemployment has returned at least long enough to stir old fears and to make it easy for Labour once again to fix on the Tories the old tag of "the party of the Dole Years."

Here, as elsewhere, the picture is further complicated by the Liberal "interventionists"—whose efforts to scrape together the £500 or so needed to run have often severely wracked the nerves of their rivals. Liberal headquarters, which necessarily lives on optimism, claims that they *can* win eighteen seats, forming the nucleus of a rejuvenated party which can develop to "take over" Labour in defeat.

More significant, if less heroic, is likely to be the effect of the Liberal intervention on the fate of the two major parties. It could affect them decisively in a number of constituencies.

Decisively for whom? Here you come to the trickiest of all the tricky problems that confront the electoral arithmeticians. The answer varies a good deal from place to place, according to local traditions. Yet—if for no other reason than that more Liberals are standing in Tory-held than in Labour-held seats—the Conservatives are likely to be the greater losers.

Marginal statisticians have estimated that there are five to ten seats the Liberal intervention could lose the Tories; another half dozen where it could frustrate what might otherwise have been a Conservative gain.

The verdict of the public opinion polls, now so closely followed, depends on the assumption that the "swing" they reveal will apply uniformly all over the country. But when such complicating factors are present, will this hold good of the marginal seats?

Of the "under three thousand majority" seats, sixty-one are held by Conservatives; of the "under two thousand," forty-two. It needs only the loss of forty of these—assuming, which is unlikely, that there was no change in Labour-held marginals—to change the government of Britain.

With odds so narrow, diligence on the doorstep, the smile, the handshake, the reminder, can become the key to power, especially in these days when the public mass meeting seems to belong firmly to the past. And especially in such a marginal constituency as Maldon.

Forty-five miles long by seventeen wide, it contains four small towns, fifty-three villages, thousands of acres of mudflat and marsh, and miles of winding roads to nowhere. It is a severe test, both of the candidate's stamina and his agent's organizing powers.

Every waking hour of Gordon Richards's time had been sternly allocated for weeks before the election date was announced. Agent Ted Mawdsley's timetable had set a brisk pace. Compared with when the campaign started, Richards expects to be a stone or two lighter by the time he is either back at school or making his bow at Westminster.

No opportunity can be neglected. Each new hand shaken may be the hand that makes the X that turns the tide. There are a hundred inshore fishermen at Tollesbury . . . eight hundred construction workers on the nuclear power station site at Bradwell, mostly Irish, elusive, migratory, but *some* must still be on the register . . . must take the van out there.

With the Essex farmers at least, Gordon Richards's main opponent, Brian Harrison, the Conservative who, until the dissolution was the sitting member, has a certain advantage: he's one of them. A big, six-foot Australian, who came to this country after war service to study agriculture at Cambridge, he later took over his family's ancestral acres. And a formidable advantage which any good member holds over a challenger—he has a record of diligent service to constituents from his regular "surgeries."

Frightened voters

Labour's workers, on the other hand, still feel at a disadvantage in the villages. True, these days there is rarely a squire (though possibly some of "his relations") to "keep us in our proper stations."

All the same, says Ted Mawdsley, there is still an inbred carefulness about village folk. When the village ballot box is counted, it may show a small majority for Labour, but it still takes courage openly to declare oneself. "They just won't travel to the poll in a car with a Labour sticker on it."

Maldon has been called "the cockpit of Essex"; for a good many years now, marginality has run in its blood. It first "went Labour" in 1923 soon after Valentine Crittall had brought the first industry to what was then a wholly rural constituency. The boss himself was the Labour candidate.

And today, with three busy metal-window factories spreading prosperity through the constituency, "Crittall's" still supply the hard core of the constituency's Labour Party workers.

By quite a number of years, Maldon thus anticipated what is now a nation-wide trend, changing the political balance in scores of "rural" constituencies as light industries move out into the countryside. In recent years there has been a great increase in the tempo of this great exodus from the old "working class" and industrial areas of the big towns. And, electorally, the general tendency is in Labour's favour, since it redistributes the huge "wasted" Labour majorities to where they may have an important effect.

New town puzzle

Thus, in the Home Counties, Hitchin, which had a Conservative majority of 965 last time, has since received via the new town of Stevenage 7,500 new voters, estimated to be two-thirds Labour; Epping (Conservative majority, 3,523) now includes the fast-growing new town of Harlow; Horsham is being transformed by Crawley, and Billericay, Essex, despite its old Conservative majority of 4,206, has been freely predicted as a Labour gain because of the accession of Basildon.

In London itself, Putney is added to the capital's string of marginals by the development of the immense L.C.C. estates there and at Roehampton.

Yet there can be gains for the Conservatives, as well as losses, in this human general post, with its breaking of old ties and associations. When people move on to council estates it is found that at least some of the old class solidarity remains. The vote stays largely Labour. But as families become engrossed in building new lives in their bright new homes, in cultivating their

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A Concession

The sun has sauntered to his rest
And I must go to mine—
But who will help me to divest
The washing from the line?
In vain with urgency I ask
My nearest kith and kin:
Not one supports me in my task
To bring the washing in.

Who cares for sex equality,
A veto or a vote,
Or whether womankind be free,
Or whether she shall quote
Philosophy to set the tone?
I do not care a pin!
Let man have all, if man alone
Will bring my washing in.

JEAN KENWARD

Sally And Superstition

The day I caught Sally bowing to the new moon she said she wasn't really superstitious but life was so full of hazards anyway it wasn't worth the risk of adding to them. The only trouble was that people would keep telling her about new ones of their own, and that made everything even more complicated.

Look at the time they went blackberrying, for instance. The day was O.K., being neither a Friday nor the thirteenth; she stopped herself helping the children to salt and to sorrow at breakfast, skirted round several ladders on the way to the bus and spat at a lone magpie out of the window, hoping the other passengers wouldn't see.

Her precautions seemed to have worked, she said, as they had a bumper haul, filling seven large baskets, and without rain, stinging nettles or stray mad bulls to spoil the picture.

So could I imagine how she felt when a dear old thing in the bus going home told her that it was unlucky to pick blackberries at all after September 15 because they had the devil in them?

But it was all right, said Sally, for she'd got the children to let off a lot of early fireworks while she did her bottling, and if that hadn't driven the devil away she'd never believe in anything again.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Invitation Postponed

Dear Aunt Moira,

We were looking forward to asking you over this week but things are rather at sixes and sevens as Wilcox has been arrested for not being a ghost.

A society that watches for ghosts was going to spend a night investigating a haunted house near here, and the twins decided to creep out at night and play practical jokes on them. At bedtime, when we peeped in, we found a note saying where they had gone, so Wilcox dashed off to bring them back.

He walked round peering in the windows. He didn't see the twins, but some kind of monitoring device picked him up and the ghost-hunters became very excited and moved all their apparatus towards him.

The twins were hiding inside. One of them launched a balloon covered with luminous paint while the other moaned a sea shanty. The ghost-hunters rushed about making recordings, until Wilcox saw the children and dived in. Unfortunately he ran into some strands of cotton that had been stretched across the room. Little bells rang. The lights went on. The twins darted away unnoticed. The ghost-hunters had suffered a good deal from practical jokers and they insisted on calling the police, who. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Heirodynamics

You're wasting time and energy to talk
To clever modern kids about the stork.
In terms of power and weight they know the thing can
Never lift a baby with that wing span.

NOEL SCOTT

Dog Buyer's Guide

Lovably mischievous . . . *Not yet house-trained*
Used to children . . . *Can cope with bubble-gum*
Friendly disposition . . . *Chums up with burglars*
Loyal . . . *Will wait hours outside pub*
Thoroughly domesticated . . . *Fond of television*
Traffic-trained . . . *Squats on zebra crossings*
Fearless show temperament . . . *Bites judges*
Ears well placed . . . *One at each side of head*
Outstanding hind action . . . *Rear half moves quicker than front*
Sold only to loving home . . . *Sold to loudest gusher*
Delightfully feminine . . . *Disobedient*
Owner must sell . . . *Postman refuses to call*

E. S. TURNER

CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS The brilliant new suspense thriller by **AGATHA CHRISTIE**

Somewhere in this pavilion was the clue to a mystery. But too many people were snooping around . . .

AND THEN CAME MURDER

Ann confronted him. "What are you doing here?" she asked. Adam was taken aback. "No harm in looking," he said insolently

THE young Sheikh Ali Yusuf and his friend, Squadron-Leader Bob Rawlinson, were dead. When revolution broke out in Ali's tiny kingdom of Rafat, they tried to make their getaway by plane. But the plane was sabotaged. It crashed into a mountain. Only their bodies were recovered. . . .

What was not recovered was a fortune in precious stones—Ali's nest-egg against a rainy day. He had entrusted the stones to Rawlinson a few hours before their fatal take-off, instructing him to get them to Europe. With the stones in his possession, Rawlinson called on his sister, Joan Sutcliffe, who was staying at a hotel in Rafat. Mrs. Sutcliffe and her teen-age daughter, Jennifer, were out, but Rawlinson spent a long time alone in their room. . . .

The bland Colonel Pikeaway—and certain mysterious and less scrupulous persons—suspected that Rawlinson had concealed the stones somewhere in the Sutcliffes' luggage.

The Sutcliffes were returning to England where Jennifer was to begin the summer term at Meadowbank, the exclusive school for girls run by the redoubtable Miss Bulstrode. As it happened, this school was already much in Colonel Pikeaway's mind. Another new pupil was to be the Princess Shaista, Ali Yusuf's cousin. It occurred to the colonel that she might be "a focus of interest" in the near future. So one of the colonel's assistants had applied for the post of gardener at the school.

But the Sutcliffes provided the hottest trail. Now they were back in England, Colonel Pikeaway decided, another of his discreet young men must call on them. If, unwittingly, they possessed the stones, they might be in danger. Very grave danger. . . .

PART TWO

"REALLY!" said Mrs. Sutcliffe, in an annoyed voice, as she looked out of her hotel window, "I don't see why it always has to rain when one comes back to England. It's depressing."

"I think it's lovely to be back," said Jennifer, "hearing everyone talk English in the streets. And we'll be able to have a really good tea presently. Bread and butter and jam and cakes."

"I wish you weren't so insular, darling," said Mrs. Sutcliffe. "What's the good of my taking you abroad all the way to the Persian Gulf if you'd rather have stayed at home?"

"I don't mind going abroad just for a month or two," said Jennifer. "All I said was I'm glad to be back."

"Now do get out of the way, dear, and let me make sure that they've brought up all the luggage. Really, I do feel—I've felt ever since the war—that people have got very dishonest nowadays. I'm sure, if I hadn't kept an eye on things, that man would have gone off with my green zip bag at Tilbury. And there was another man hanging about near the luggage. I saw him afterwards on the train."

"Oh, you're always thinking things like that, Mother," said Jennifer. "You think everybody you meet's dishonest."

"Most of them are," said Mrs. Sutcliffe grimly. "Now do let me count. That's the big green suitcase and the black one, and the two small brown and the zip bag and the golf clubs and the rackets and the hold-all and the canvas suitcase—and where's the green bag? Oh, there it is. And that local tin trunk we bought to put the extra things in—yes, one, two, three, four, five, six—yes, that's right. All fourteen things are here."

"Can't we have some tea now?" said Jennifer.

"Tea? It's only three o'clock."

"I'm awfully hungry."

"All right, all right. Can you go down by yourself and order it? I really

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Cat among the pigeons

continued from previous page

feel I must have a rest, and then I'll just unpack the things we'll need for tonight. Are you sure you can manage by yourself?"

"Good gracious, Mummy," said Jennifer, "what age do you think I am? Can I have some money, please?"

She accepted the ten shilling note her mother handed to her, and went out scornfully.

The telephone rang by the bed. Mrs. Sutcliffe picked up the receiver.

"Hallo. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, Mrs. Sutcliffe speaking. . . ."

There was a knock on the door. Mrs. Sutcliffe said, "Just one moment" to the receiver, laid it down and went over to the door. A young man in dark blue overalls was standing there with a small kit of tools.

HE said briskly: "Electrician. The lights in this suite aren't satisfactory. I've been sent up to see to them."

"Oh—all right. . . ."

She drew back. The electrician entered.

"Bathroom?"

"Through there—beyond the other bedroom." She went back to the telephone. "I'm so sorry. . . . What were you saying?"

"Perhaps I might come up to your suite, Mrs. Sutcliffe. It's about your brother."

"Bob? Is there—news of him? . . . Yes, come up. It's on the third floor, three hundred and ten."

She sat down on the bed. She already knew what the news must be.

Presently there was a knock on the door and she opened it to admit a young man who shook hands in a suitably subdued manner.

"Are you from the Foreign Office?"

"My name's Derek O'Connor."

"Please tell me," said Mrs. Sutcliffe. "He's killed. Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it, Mrs. Sutcliffe. He was flying Prince Ali Yusuf out from Rafat and they crashed in the mountains."

"Why haven't I heard—why didn't someone wireless it to the boat?"

"There was no definite news until a few days ago. It was known that the plane was missing, that was all. But now the wreck has been found. . . . Death was instantaneous."

"The Prince was killed as well?"

"Yes."

"I'm not at all surprised," said Mrs. Sutcliffe. Her voice shook a little but she had full command of herself. "I knew Bob would die young. . . . But he was a good flyer. I'm sure if he ran into a mountain it wasn't his fault."

O'CONNOR said: "No, it certainly wasn't his fault. It was a dangerous flight to undertake and it went wrong." He hesitated. "There's something I've got to ask you. Did your brother entrust anything to you to take back to England?"

"Entrust something to me?" said Mrs. Sutcliffe. "What do you mean?"

"Did he give you any—package—any small parcel to bring back?"

She shook her head wonderingly. "No. Why should you think he did?"

"There was a rather important package which we think your brother may have given to someone to bring home. He called on you at your hotel that day—the day of the revolution."

"I know. He left a note. But there was nothing in that—just some silly thing about playing tennis or golf the next day. I suppose when he wrote that note, he couldn't have known that he'd have to fly the Prince out that day?"

"That was all it said?"

"The note? Yes."

"Have you kept it, Mrs. Sutcliffe?"

"Kept the note? No, it was quite trivial. Why should I keep it?"

"No reason," said O'Connor. "I just wondered."

"Wondered what?" said Mrs. Sutcliffe crossly.

"Whether there might have been some other message concealed in it. After all"—he smiled—"there is such a thing as invisible ink, you know."

"Invisible ink!" said Mrs. Sutcliffe, with a great deal of distaste. "How idiotic. I'm sure Bob would never use anything like invisible ink." A tear dripped down her cheek. "Oh dear, where *is* my bag? I must have a handkerchief. Perhaps I left it in the other room."

"I'll get it for you," said O'Connor.

He went through the communicating door and stopped as a young man in overalls who was bending over a suitcase straightened up to face him.

"Electrician," said the young man hurriedly. "Something wrong with the lights here."

O'Connor flicked a switch.

"They seem all right to me," he said.

"Must have given me the wrong room number," said the electrician.

He gathered up his tool bag and slipped out quickly through the door to the corridor. O'Connor frowned, picked up Mrs. Sutcliffe's bag from the dressing-table and took it back to her.

"Excuse me," he said, and picked up the telephone receiver. "Room three hundred and ten here. Have you just sent up an electrician to see to the lights in this suite? Yes, I'll hang on."

He waited.

"No? No, I thought you hadn't. No, there's nothing wrong."

He replaced the receiver and turned to Mrs. Sutcliffe. "There's nothing wrong with any of the lights here," he said. "And the office didn't send up an electrician."

Mrs. Sutcliffe looked hurriedly in her bag. "He hasn't taken anything out of my bag. The money is all right."

"Are you sure, Mrs. Sutcliffe, absolutely *sure* that your brother didn't give you anything to take home, to pack among your belongings?"

"I'm absolutely sure," said Mrs. Sutcliffe.

"Or your daughter—you have a daughter, haven't you?"

"Yes. She's downstairs having tea."

"Could your brother have given anything to her?"

"No, I'm sure he couldn't."

"THERE'S another possibility," said O'Connor. "He might have hidden something among your belongings when he was waiting for you in your room."

"But why should Bob do such a thing? It sounds absolutely absurd."

"It's not quite so absurd as it sounds. It seems possible that Prince Ali Yusuf gave your brother something to keep for him and that your brother thought it would be safer among your possessions than if he kept it himself."

"Sounds very unlikely to me," said Mrs. Sutcliffe.

"I wonder now, would you mind if we searched?"

"Search through my luggage, do you mean? Unpack?" Mrs. Sutcliffe's voice rose with a wail on that word. "Oh well, I suppose—if you say so—if, I mean, it's really important. . . ."

Three-quarters of an hour later Jennifer returned from her tea. She looked round the room and gave a gasp of surprise.

"Mummy, what *have* you been doing?"

"We've been unpacking," said Mrs. Sutcliffe crossly. "Now we're packing things up again. This is Mr. O'Connor. My daughter, Jennifer."

"But why are you packing and unpacking?"

"Don't ask me why," snapped her mother. "There seems to be some idea that your Uncle Bob put something in my luggage to bring home. He didn't give you anything, I suppose, Jennifer?"

"Uncle Bob give me anything to bring back? No. Have you been unpacking my things, too?"

"We've unpacked everything," said Derek O'Connor cheerfully, "and we haven't found a thing." He finished the repacking and stood up. "There's just one thing more, Mrs. Sutcliffe. I'd like you to be very careful of yourself."

"Careful of myself? In what way?"

"Well," O'Connor left it vague. "Revolutions are tricky things. There are a lot of ramifications. Are you staying in London long?"

"We're going down to the country tomorrow. My husband will be driving us."

"That's all right, then. But—don't take any chances. If anything in the least out of the ordinary happens, ring nine, nine, nine straight away."

• • •

Extract from account in a local paper:

A man appeared before the magistrates' court yesterday charged with breaking into the residence of Mr. Henry Sutcliffe with intent to steal. Mrs. Sutcliffe's bedroom was ransacked and left in wild confusion whilst the members of the family were at Church on Sunday morning. The kitchen staff, who were preparing the midday meal, heard nothing. Police arrested the man as he was making his escape from the house. Something had evidently alarmed him and he had fled without taking anything.

Giving his name as Andrew Ball, of no fixed abode, he pleaded guilty. He said he had been out of work and was looking for money. Mrs. Sutcliffe's jewellery, apart from a few pieces which she was wearing, is kept at her bank.

"I told you to have the lock of that drawing-room french window seen to," was the comment of Mr. Sutcliffe in the family circle.

"My dear Henry," said Mrs. Sutcliffe, "you don't seem to realize that I have been abroad for the last three months. And, anyway, I'm sure I've read somewhere that if burglars *want* to get in they always can."

"What I don't see," said Jennifer, "is how the police found out the house was being burgled and got here in time to catch him. Can I have some more pudding?"

"I suppose so. I do hope that they won't think you too greedy at school. Meadowbank isn't quite an ordinary school, remember."

"I don't know that I really want to go to Meadowbank," said Jennifer. "I knew a girl whose cousin had been there, and she said it was awful. They spent all their time telling you how to b have if you went to lunch with the Queen."

"That will do, Jennifer," said Mrs. Sutcliffe. "You don't appreciate how extremely fortunate you are in being admitted to M adowbank. Miss Bulstrode doesn't take every girl, I can tell you. Now get on with your pudding."

When Andrew Ball, of no fixed abode, had been sentenced to three months for breaking and entering, Derek O'Connor, who had been occupying a modest position at the back of the magistrates' court, put through a call to a Museum number.

"Not a thing on the fellow when we picked him up," he said. "We gave him plenty of time, too."

"Who was he? Anyone we know?"

"One of the Gecko lot, I think. Small

THE WITNESS STATES

INVESTIGATION:

The death of Charles Winstanley, a widower aged fifty-four, found in bed in his gas-filled room.

FIRST WITNESS

I'm Margaret Harrison, the housekeeper. Last night was my evening off and I didn't return till after midnight. When I went to call Mr. Winstanley this morning I found the room full of gas and the radio playing. The tap of his gas fire was full on but the fire was out. I've often warned him he must remember to turn off his fire when the gas runs out. You could never get that man to have the gas-meter taken out of the house. He was as stubborn as a mule and believed in always paying for everything as he went along.

SECOND WITNESS

I'm his daughter, Brenda Winstanley. Daddy didn't like my boy-friend, Walter Rowe. When Walter came round last night, Daddy went off to his room in a huff. I went up during the evening, but he was very short with me and I left. He was sitting by his gas fire reading a book. About nine o'clock I made a cup of tea for Walter. That's when I discovered the gas had run out. We put another shilling in the meter. Walter left early and I went up to bed at half past ten, and knocked on Daddy's door to say goodnight. I waited a minute or two outside the door but there was only silence so I thought he must have gone to sleep. It's dreadful to think he was dying.

THIRD WITNESS

I'm Walter Rowe. It's true the old man never liked me, but I'm sorry he's dead—particularly since I'm directly responsible. I put the shilling in the meter. I suppose the old chap was too much on his high horse to shout down to Brenda to fix the gas when his fire went out, and decided to go to bed instead. If he hadn't been in such a temper he might have remembered to turn his gas-tap off. Still, accidents happen, don't they?

Turn to page 37 for the Inspector's comments

time. They hire him out for this sort of thing. Not much brain but he's said to be thorough."

"And he took his sentence like a lamb?" Pikeaway grinned as he spoke.

"Yes. Perfect picture of a stupid fellow lapsed from the straight and narrow path. You'd never connect him with any big-time stuff."

"And he didn't find anything," mused Colonel Pikeaway. "And *you* didn't find anything. It rather looks, doesn't it, as though there isn't anything to find? Our idea that Rawlinson planted these things on his sister seems to have been wrong. The stuff may still be in Rafat. Or Rawlinson passed it to someone on his way to the airfield. I wonder. . . ."

• • •

Letter from Julia Upjohn to her mother:

Dear Mummy,

I've settled in now and am liking it very much. There's a girl who is new this term, too, called Jennifer Sutcliffe, and she and I rather do things together. We're both awfully keen on tennis. She's rather good. She says her racket's got warped from being out in the Persian Gulf. It's very hot out there. She was in all that Revolution that happened. I said wasn't it very exciting, but she said no, they were taken to the embassy or something and missed it.

Miss Bulstrode is rather a lamb, but she's pretty frightening, too—or can be. We're taught English literature by Miss Rich, who's terrific. She teaches us geography, too.

We do French with Mademoiselle Blanche. She doesn't keep order very well. Jennifer says French people can't. She doesn't get cross, though, only bored. Miss Springer is awful. She does gym and P.T. She's got ginger hair and smells when she's hot. Then there's Miss Chadwick (Chaddy)—she's been here since the school started. She teaches mathematics and is rather fussy, but quite nice. And there's Miss Vansittart who teaches history and German. She's a sort of second Miss Bulstrode with the pep left out.

There are a lot of foreign girls here, including a girl, Shaista, who's half-Turkish and half-Persian and who says she would have been married to her cousin, Prince Ali Yusuf, who got killed in that aeroplane crash. But Jennifer Sutcliffe says that isn't true, that he liked someone else. Jennifer knows a lot but she won't usually tell.

I suppose you'll be starting off on your trip soon. *Don't* leave your passport behind again!

Love from Julia.

IN the mistresses' common room, news was being exchanged. Foreign travel, plays seen, art exhibitions visited. Snap-shots were handed round. The new sports pavilion was both criticized and admired. Then a little pleasant conversation was made to the two new members of the staff. Had Mademoiselle Blanche been in England before?

Mademoiselle Blanche replied politely but with reserve. Miss Springer was more forthcoming. She spoke with emphasis and decision. Her last school had not appreciated her.

"But one must be prepared for ingratitude." Her voice, already loud, became louder. "The trouble is, people are so cowardly—won't face facts. They often prefer not to see what's under their noses all the time. More than once I've unearthed a nasty scandal—brought it into the open. I've got a good nose—once I'm on the trail, I don't leave it, not till I've pinned down my quarry." She gave a loud, jolly laugh. "In my opinion, no one should teach in a school whose life isn't an open book. If anyone's got anything to hide, one can soon tell. Oh, you'd be surprised if I told you some of the things I've found out about people."

"You enjoyed that experience, yes?" said Mademoiselle Blanche.

"Of course not. Just doing my duty. But I wasn't backed up. Shameful laxness. So I resigned—as a protest."

She looked round and gave her jolly sporting laugh again. "Hope nobody here has anything to hide," she said gaily. Nobody was amused. But Miss Springer did not notice that. . . .

At about the same time that Miss Springer was holding forth in the common room, there was a knock at the headmistress's study door. It opened. "Can I speak to you?"

Miss Bulstrode laid her pen aside and looked up into the flushed face of the matron, Miss Johnson.

"Yes, Miss Johnson."

"It's that girl Shaista—the Egyptian girl or whatever she is."

"Yes?"

"It's her—er—her bust bodice."

Miss Bulstrode's eyebrows rose in patient surprise.

"What is wrong with her brassière?"

"Well—it isn't an ordinary kind. It —er—well it pushes her up—really quite unnecessarily."

Miss Bulstrode bit her lip to keep back a smile. "Perhaps I'd better come and look at it," she said gravely.

A kind of inquest was then held with the offending contraption held up to display by Miss Johnson.

"It's this sort of wire and—er—boning arrangement," she said.

Shaista burst into explanation.

"But, you see, my breasts they are not very big—not nearly big enough. I do not look enough like a woman. And it is very important to a girl."

"Plenty of time for that. You're only fifteen," said Miss Johnson.

"Fifteen—that is a woman."

She appealed to Miss Bulstrode who nodded gravely.

"I quite see your point of view," said Miss Bulstrode "But in this school, you see, you are amongst girls who are, for the most part, English, and English girls are not very often women at the age of fifteen. I like my girls to use make-up discreetly and to wear clothes suitable to their stage of growth. I suggest that you wear your brassière when you are dressed for a party or for going to London, but not everyday here. We do a good deal of sports and games here and for that your body needs to be free to move easily."

"It is too much—all this running and jumping," said Shaista sulkily.

"That will do, Shaista," said Miss Bulstrode, her voice becoming authoritative. She dismissed the girl, then she smiled at the agitated Miss Johnson.

"It's quite true," she said. "The

continued on page 37

How safe are TRANQUILLIZERS?

A new pill now ends the perils of keeping calm —and cuts the cost to two a penny

by ARTHUR HAWKEY

A FEW months ago a woman died from an overdose of tranquillizers, to which she had become addicted. She began by taking two or three at night, and was finally swallowing twenty to thirty a day, spending most of her housekeeping money on them.

"This kind of addiction is usually due to chronic worry and the discovery that a tablet can bring relief," says a psychologist. "Instead of facing up to life people take more and more tablets. It is a sign of weakness, really."

If it is a sign of weakness, the British people may be weakening, for more and more of them now seek an answer to their problems in the chemist's shop.

British manufacturers are making tranquillizers at the rate of about 312,000,000 tablets a year and also many foreign brands are imported. Doctors write nearly half a million prescriptions for them every month—in spite of the fact that medical opinion differs as to what, precisely, tranquillizers *do*.

Certainly, their effect is partly psychological. Recently a famous firm of manufacturers thought that they had found a new tranquillizer. It worked perfectly on savage dogs, transforming them almost into lap dogs, so a test was arranged with a group of humans. Some were given the new drug, some were given an established tranquillizer, and some received dummy tablets which could have no medical effect at all.

Result: the dummy tablets proved to be much more effective tranquillizers than either of the other types.

Established brands of tranquillizer are fairly expensive. They range in price from about 1¼d. to 5¼d. per tablet, most of the foreign makes being nearer the higher figure. But a new British drug which has just been discovered looks like bringing down the cost.

On doctor's orders

Like most other tranquillizers, it will be supplied on prescription only, and will cost the Health Service 2s. 3d. for fifty tablets—a penny a day for the average patient taking two.

Known as Parabal, it is a variation on an old theme—phenobarbitone. This drug might be called the original tranquillizer. It has been used by doctors as a sedative for nearly fifty years. Its disadvantage is that it remains active in the body for a long time, yet has to be given in comparatively large doses of a half to two grains.

This is because phenobarbitone, like many medicines, is poisonous if too much is taken. Even when it is given in standard doses, the body reacts against it, and tries to neutralize it, so that some is destroyed before getting into the bloodstream, where it is needed. Hence, more must be given than would otherwise be necessary.

It is normally effective for eighteen hours, but traces of it have been found in a patient's body thirty-six hours after it was taken. So that people on a daily dose sometimes build up a cumulative doping effect by adding to the residue of the previous day's dose.

The doctor-researcher who produced the new drug has found a way of reducing the phenobarbitone standard dose to about a sixth of that taken before.

It acts quickly

What he has done is to transform phenobarbitone by mixing it with di-hydroxy-aluminium-amino acetate. This chemical is contained in the proteins of a normal diet and when taken with phenobarbitone prevents the body from trying to destroy it.

In its new guise, the smaller dose is quickly and wholly absorbed in the body. It reaches its maximum effect in two hours and has completely disappeared within twenty-four hours.

"It no longer makes people drowsy," its discoverer claims. "It produces a tranquil frame of mind in which the natural mechanism of sleep can operate, if it is bedtime. Like a large whisky, it relieves inhibitions and feelings of frustration." It calms the patient by its effect on the electrical impulses given off by the brain.

It has one other important advantage. Phenobarbitone has become familiar as almost the standard suicide drug. As few as fifteen half-grain tablets have been known to kill. But the new tablets are much larger than their predecessors, because of the extra ingredients now included. And their drug content is so small that a fatal dose would take on the proportions of a meal.

THE END

Every man needs a prize to show for his hunting. I thought n on the bed of the river—until I reached for him-

A TROPHY FOR E

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Did I tell you the time I dived into this river to fetch up a crocodile I'd shot, and the son of a devil was not dead, only stunned?

Ah! Well, listen——

Of course, as I am the only man in our village with a rifle, I have had much experience over the years protecting our poor crops against the pig and porcupine and deer which visit us from the jungle, and the leopards which sometimes come for our goats. Even tigers still trouble our cattle, though there are fewer than there used to be when I was a boy.

My rifle is a good one, look. See how well that wire is put on to mend it. I was able to get copper wire, too, that does not rust. I oil this rifle and look after it, for it has much to do.

"Hey, you, Buldeo," Debi Singh will call out to me. "Come and sit in my field tonight and get the old porker—that son of a pig, of a pig—who is rooting out my potatoes."

I have to be careful of my ammunition, which is expensive—though I save the cartridge cases, of course, and refill them myself—but I can see that Debi Singh is tired from sitting out with tins and clappers all night to keep some of his crops to feed his children, who seldom have enough to eat.

But then that is so for many of us. Most of the year we have to be careful, and we cannot feed wild animals as well as ourselves. Many of us are weak from malaria, especially those who sit out to protect the crops, for the chill wet mists reach up as high as the platforms on which we sit.

"Buldeo!" I hear my name called. "If you want the biggest panther in the whole of India; why, he killed one of my goats last night, and I can show you the kill, too, covered up with thorns, so he means to be back——"

Well, I have looked after us all for years; and in good years I see the children with full bellies. They laugh in the sun, they run with strong legs, and I think of that year when the monsoon failed; we ate the bark of trees, and men had no strength to protect what little food we could grow. So I walk along and look about sharply everywhere with my splendid eyes to see what else I can do to keep us all safe against the jungle. I listen with my fine ears to hear what the leaves and birds are saying.

The first time I saw this crocodile I was watching some duck in a shallow backwater of the river. They were those little ones with bits of green on the head—I do not know the name—and as the sun was behind me I could see every speckle, and those bits reflecting like peacock feather. I was just thinking, *Why, it shines like a rajah's turban ornament,* when there was a surge—a ripple and what I thought was a little crocodile rose among the ducks.

Next moment I realized that what I was looking at was not a whole small mugger crocodile, as I thought, but the head of a huge one.

Ohé! What a sight! I have never seen such a creature. The ducks took no notice of him, for crocodiles do not usually bother them much. But this time—one snap of those great jaws and he swallowed a duck whole, like a crumb, and sank again at once while all the other ducks bounced up off the water in a storm of wings and noise.

I really do not know why such a monster—he was longer than two buffaloes—should bother with a morsel like a duck, and a little one at that, when a whole goat at least would be needed to satisfy him. But perhaps he was just annoyed at them for swimming about over him.

Of course, mugger crocodiles prefer their meat old. When they seize some animal come to drink they drown it and then store it somewhere in holes they dig in the banks, or in underwater caves, until it has rotted. But a little thing like a duck they swallow as it is.

Now I knew well that though we always have muggers in our river, we had not till now had this giant. I know most of the animals in our forest, and this was a stranger. I warned everyone that there was this crocodile in the river and that care must be taken when the women went for water, or if the boys took the cattle across the ford for grazing.

I myself kept a keen lookout for him, to shoot him if I got the chance. This is never easy, as you know. Bullets from the heaviest rifles have been known to glance off big crocodiles, which are made of stone. It is best to aim at the eye or the soft skin behind the foreleg.

But we saw no more of the big mugger for a time, though he took up his abode in our piece of river and seemed like to stay.

Everything he wanted was to hand. There were deep pools in which to sink himself during the hot weather or if danger threatened. Plenty of fat fish to eat—I have seen shoals of *kalabanse* shimmering in the pools like a shawl under the water. He could fill himself on those, as well as on other things. He could catch monkeys easily when they were drinking, and deer. Then there were long clay banks upon which he could bask in the hot sun. In places this clay is soft, but in others dried to rock, cracked by the sun and drilled by old floods. I always studied these clay banks to see if I could discover his favourite lying-out place.

In fact I was there the day I heard them shouting for me from the village, and I could tell by their voices that something bad was happening.

I raced back as fast as I could. The crocodile had seized one of the cows at the ford and was trying to pull it into deep water.

Racing up, I recognized the cow. It belonged to the orphan Harkwar and was a great pet, besides being his only animal. The crocodile had hold of this poor cow by the nose. Men and boys were beating the water with sticks, branches, anything that lay to hand, and they were throwing stones. Two of them had hold of the cow's tail to try and save her. Others were holding the boy Harkwar to stop him from dashing into the water to beat at the crocodile with his bare hands.

The noise! Everyone shouting and splashing—I dared not fire for fear of hitting someone. But as I came pounding up I shouted to them all to get out of the way, and when I could I let fly.

Bapri bap! I did no good. It was impossible to take proper aim, even at close range, because the mugger was lashing about in the water and I still panting after running.

I may have hit him, but he took no notice. The cow gave way and with one gigantic curl the crocodile dragged backwards into deeper water and sank at once with his prey.

It was a terrible moment, and as I looked about at everyone in the absolute silence that fell I thought, *Next time it will be one of us.*

Harkwar began to sob. . . .

Well, we recovered, as one has to, from these experiences—little Harkwar, too—and now the fear was that

ne lay dead

BULDEO

JOHN BERRY.

A trophy for Buldeo

continued from page 22

people would forget, as they do when a danger is out of sight, that it is still there. They would be careful for a few days, and then not.

I determined to get that crocodile.

Often I watched for him at the ford and in other likely places, and several times I saw him and he saw me. We got to know each other. We became old enemies.

What a reptile! Why, it may have been in my great grandfather's lifetime when the heat of the sun hatched the egg containing this crocodile and the little devil scurried like a scorpion for the river—I have seen kites gobbling up those small ones as if they were a hatch of lizards. He may have grown fast or slowly: if there is food they develop, but if not then they wait and grow later. Another thing, if the teeth are torn out in some struggle, new ones appear—a terrible creature.

ONCE I nearly had him. He was lying with only nose and eyes out of water, as they do, and there was driftwood round about so I did not immediately pick him out. His eyes were on me before mine were on him. He must have been waiting to see if I would notice him, because the moment the lines of driftwood focused themselves for me into crocodile he saw recognition dawn in my face and sank without a sound into the gloom of deep water before I could raise my rifle.

I waded a little way into the sunny shallows to see if I could attract him out of the deeps—oh, you can see everything in plenty of time in the clear, stony water just there—but he was too wise to give me another chance.

That crocodile recognizes me, I thought. *Perhaps he even knows that I am the one who fired at him at the ford. I daresay he means to get me. . . .*

But then I, for my part, meant to get him. There was war between us and only death would settle it. He meant to catch me off my guard one day and drag me down as he had dragged the cow. As for me, I intended to stretch his skin at the earliest possible moment.

What a trophy that would be! To show my grandchildren!

I NEGLECTED my other work in order to learn more about this crocodile and his habits. I searched the river up and down, from the place where it leaves its rocky valley and gabbles out wide and shallow over white stones. Even in the sun the water there is yet cold from the mountains, and no muggers go up beyond that place because they do not like the cold.

And I went downriver, too, until I was many *kos* from home. I went past the pool where we saw that small python swimming this morning and down as far as the cliffs where the fishing eagles nest each year in that very tall tree. Once I went up to get the eggs, you know, but never again! They attacked me!

Well, anyway, I came to decide that the best place to wait for this crocodile was by the clay banks. Wherever the clay was still soft I could see his drag marks; and also there was a persistent rotting smell in that part of the river. I used to wonder what it was until one day I found a place where hyenas had been digging in the clay of the river banks, which was hard there, and cracked, and a smell coming out. This must be the crocodile's larder. Underwater there would be the entrance to some chamber scoured out in the clay by the whirlpools you can see there during flood. Here he stored his kills.

If I lay in wait here every day, I thought, the time must come when I would get a cool, unhurried shot at him.

Of course I saw him several times before that day came, but either he was too far to fire at or else I could not get a clear line at eye or armpit. But at last the moment came when this monster climbed out on to a clay bank just below me, and I could aim precisely at his right eye.

Bang! The shot went ringing through the valley, sending up the birds. The mugger was thrown into spasms, each contortion taking him towards the water.

I could see I was going to lose him, for a dead crocodile sinks. This was the biggest thing I had ever shot, and every man wants a trophy to show for his hunting. I began tumbling down the hillside in order somehow to stop him reaching the deep water, though what I could do I did not quite know.

Down on the shore I dared not approach the brute, for they can kill you with the tail, of course, and though this one was dead or in his death throes, as I thought, he was still twisting about as a snake does long after it is dead. They say no reptile dies till sunset of the day it is killed.

He reached the water and, while his struggles grew less and less, the current took him out. He ceased to move. He lay there, dead it seemed, and then he sank, leaving behind a twist of bloody slime. I was going to lose him. I was desperate. I snatched up my rope and waded out, for I thought that if I could get something round his tail perhaps I could drag him back to land.

Of course I could not possibly have lifted such a monster alone—why, it takes sixteen men to pick up a body like that—but this was in the water, remember, so I thought I could manage.

The crocodile had turned upside down, as they do when they die, like fish, and he was sinking into the mist of green water below us. I dived after him. We reached the bottom, where I began at once to get a loop round his tail. At my touch his muscles thrilled, but you know how any reptile will move even after its head is flat, and I thought that was all it was.

Half a minute later I rose for air and went down again. This time, when I touched the crocodile, he jerked and then suddenly righted himself. With the most terrible shock I realized he was not dead—that he was recovering.

Of course, I dropped everything and made for the surface as fast as I could. But he was faster. He threw himself round to see what had touched him, and he came for me at once. Half-conscious though he was, he was faster than I. With two swimming strokes of that powerful tail he reached me and seized a leg. I had time to gulp only one breath, and then he was dragging me down. Of course I struggled, but there was no chance for me. Soon I breathed water and lost consciousness.

If the crocodile had been fully conscious himself that would have been the end of me, I suppose, but he was still stunned from the effect of the bullet. Evidently he did not hold me down in the water as long as muggers usually do with their prey, but pushed me up through an underwater entrance into one of his store chambers while I was still alive, because when I regained consciousness I was lying on a steep slope, head down, in darkness, among filth. A ray of light was falling on me through a crack above and a strong current of fresh air blowing over me.

I was in severe pain and sick, too, but the water must have run out of my lungs as I lay like that, nearly upside down, and then the air revived me.

Below my face there was an opening into the river—an underwater opening. Through it I could see the bottom of the river, lit by green sunlight, and what I first took to be ripple marks in the sand down there, but then saw was a part of the back of the crocodile.

He was resting outside this dreadful den where he had put me and presently he would crawl up into the ghastly chamber to take his feast. I could see remains round me from other things which he had stored and eaten here. I recognized the horns of the poor cow.

WHEN I recovered consciousness I was very sick, almost too ill to care what happened to me. But when that was over I became possessed of terror and also a determination to live. My leg was not broken, although deeply torn. The pain was getting worse and I was covered with blood, but still alive.

This was clay, through which the hyenas had tried to dig down to get at the crocodile's larder. Could I dig myself out?

There was a shoulder blade lying there, of some big animal, and I began to work as quickly and silently as I could. The clay here inside was soft and I scooped my way upwards, throwing the stuff behind me as I went, to make some kind of barrier to delay the crocodile if he took a look into his den.

I was doing well. Behind me the tunnel down to the water was nearly blocked with clay and bones. Above, only a thin layer still held me in.

But this layer had been dried by the sun and was baked almost to rock. As I began to jab at it the noise must have woken up the crocodile for I heard him enter the tunnel behind me. There was an ugly squelch, a slush, a wheezing and a yet more fearful smell. I dug like a madman. I could see trees and sunlight . . . breathe the sweet air . . . almost I could get my head through. . . .

BEHIND me there was a minute's silence as the crocodile's slow brain began to understand what was happening. Then I heard the most terrible clawing sounds, a suck of clay and the drag of a heavy body in the evil darkness as he pushed into the pile.

I don't know if I cried out in my terror. I hope not. . . .

He was at my very heels as I burst out of my prison. How I pushed myself through the small hole I had made I cannot imagine, but somehow in my frenzy I did. Covered with clay and blood I crawled up the hillside, to collapse higher up among the trees, in safety. After that somehow I got home, where my wife treated my wounds at once with the juice of the *brahm buti* plant. I went away to wash and purify myself.

The crocodile? I came back for him later. I set a wire noose in his den and finished him off. That night the children danced on his carcase and stabbed at him with sticks. Here is the skin for which I nearly lost my life, see! It is so long I had to lengthen my house to take it in. THE END

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Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

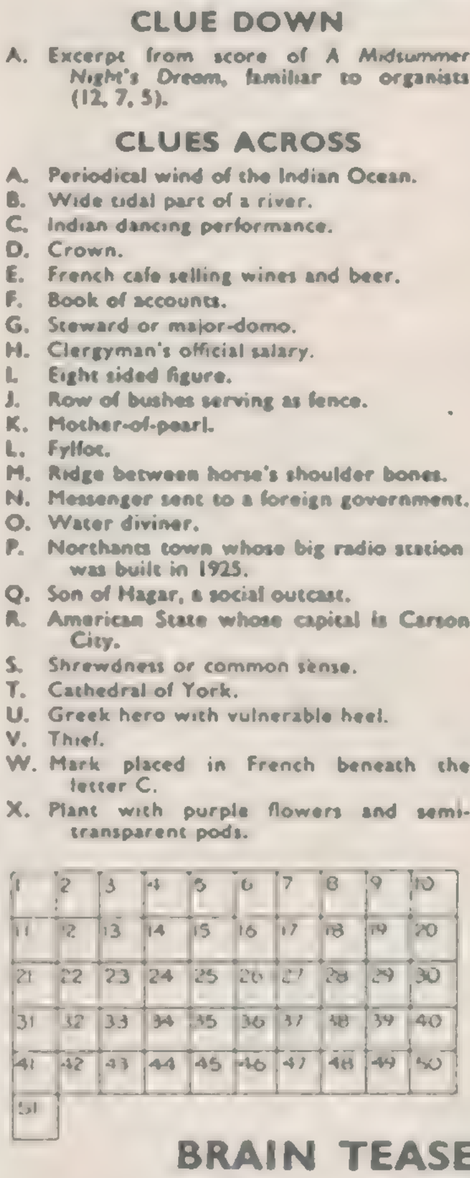
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Excerpt from score of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, familiar to organists (12, 7, 5).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Periodical wind of the Indian Ocean.
B. Wide tidal part of a river.
C. Indian dancing performance.
D. Crown.
E. French cafe selling wines and beer.
F. Book of accounts.
G. Steward or major-domo.
H. Clergyman's official salary.
I. Eight sided figure.
J. Row of bushes serving as fence.
K. Mother-of-pearl.
L. Fylfot.
M. Ridge between horse's shoulder bones.
N. Messenger sent to a foreign government.
O. Water diviner.
P. Northants town whose big radio station was built in 1925.
Q. Son of Hagar, a social outcast.
R. American State whose capital is Carson City.
S. Shrewdness or common sense.
T. Cathedral of York.
U. Greek hero with vulnerable heel.
V. Thief.
W. Mark placed in French beneath the letter C.
X. Plant with purple flowers and semi-transparent pods.



BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

A vital spare part, which has the form of a spindle 18 in. long and 1 in. in diameter, with tapering ends, must be dispatched by plane for immediate delivery.

Unfortunately, the airline will not accept any package which is more than 12 in. in length width, or height. Using wood ¼ in. thick to make a container, how can I send this part without infringing the rule?

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

The treasure of Huntsman's Cottage
by CLIVE BURNLEY

Call in the night
by JOHN HARRIS

Good light in a sitting-room gives each person the light he needs. Here an upward-shining standard lamp gives diffused light for televiewing on the new G.E.C. set. A shaded standard lights the settee and a bright working light is supplied by a table lamp. The right light for all, but none disturbed

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Light to fit the family

Eyesight is precious. Preserve it with good lighting, says ROGER SMITHELLS

AN old lady who lived near one of Scotland's new hydro-electric stations had electric light installed in her house. Officials at the local electricity board noticed that her quarterly bills amounted to only a shilling or two. Suspecting a fault in her meter they had it checked. It was working perfectly. So they asked the old lady whether she found the electric light useful. "It's lovely," she said. "I put it on every night. It makes it so much easier to see to light the candles."

One moral of this story is that many of us still think of electric light as a luxury. We make silly economies at the expense of comfort and eyesight, not realizing just how little electric light costs. In fact, although a penny is worth only about half its value twenty years ago, it buys considerably more electric light than it would then—and light becomes cheaper all the time.

Another moral to be drawn from my story is that we should take advantage of the wonderful inventions offered by modern science. The human eye was constructed to see in daylight, which is still better than the best artificial light. But electric light is yearly getting nearer to reproducing daylight conditions and there is less reason for suffering needless eyestrain in our homes.

With winter on the way, when lights may be switched on most of the day, this is a good moment to check over home lighting and see whether there are improvements which could and should be made to safeguard the family's eyesight, cut down headaches and eliminate many household accidents.

What you need

Take a trip round a well-lighted house. There is a light at the **front door.** This is switched on and off from inside, and placed so that it illuminates the house-number, front steps, if any, and the keyhole. There is a similar light at the back door.

In the **hall,** a ceiling fitting may be enough. One of the globe kind, hanging down a little way from the ceiling diffuses light into all the corners and helps to illuminate the stairs. This should not be so strong that it dazzles you as you come in or go out on a dark night. **Stairs** are often a danger point and may need special lighting—a wall-bracket half-way up, for example. It should enable you to see the edges of the steps and part of the tread. The **landing** light, like the one in the hall, should give you good light for all the corners, and help to light the stairs. All these three lights should have two-way switching, so that you can operate them from either upstairs or downstairs.

In the **sitting-rooms** you need general background lighting and enough local spotlighting to enable each member of the family to do close work without strain. The two kinds of light—background and local—are needed because the contrast between a bright light shining on your book or sewing, and an otherwise dark room, creates a dazzle which is as tiring to the eyes as a light which is not strong enough. General light in a sitting-room can be supplied from the usual ceiling point. In a very small room this may supply sufficient light for many purposes, but most sitting-rooms also need a couple of wall lights, or a standard lamp or two. Local spotlighting for close work is best given by low standard lamps, table standards or adjustable spotlights. There should be one available for each person working in the room.

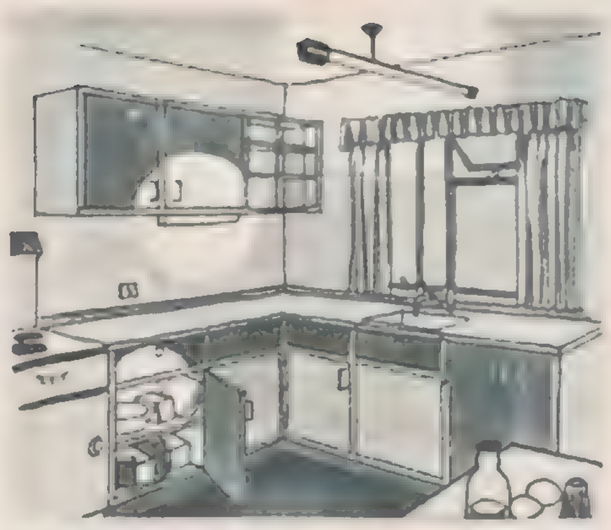
In the **dining-room** you need a good light to see what you are eating, plenty of light on the sideboard for carving or serving and soft background lighting. As many dining-tables are also used by the children for homework, or for home dressmaking, the most practical choice for a ceiling light is one with a light-diffusing shade which floods the table with light, and an adjustable hanging device, so that it can be raised and lowered according to how much light you need.

Bedrooms need a general light which can be turned on by the door. At the dressing-table you should have a strong but diffused light, for making up. This should come from both sides—a one-sided light leaves half the face in shadow. A half-shade on each lamp allows you to direct a bright light where

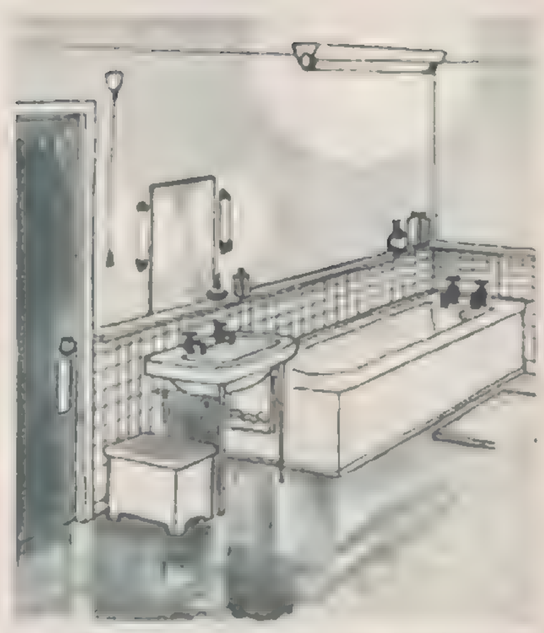
The right light for each room

by ROGER SMITHELLS

Hall safety first, with lights on the steps and inside the door. Another lights the stairs



This one-point fluorescent tube simplifies fixing. There is additional light on worktops and inside deeper cupboards



A pull-cord switch in the bathroom operates a fluorescent tube, and two mirror lamps give light for shaving

The dining-room is often also used for home dressmaking or paperwork. This lighting scheme provides an adjustable fitting over the table, wall-light for carving, and an extra table lamp to light the desk for occasional letter-writing

Wall fittings over the beds give light where it is needed. They are shaded so that the occupant of the other bed is not disturbed. Half-shades on dressing-table lamps give a strong, clear light

FIVE POINTS WHEN CHOOSING LAMPSHADES

1 Choose a shade to distribute the light, not hide it.

2 A dark-coloured shade must have a light lining for reflection.

3 Always look at a shade lit up before buying. It may look very different from what you expect.

4 Avoid too deep or narrow shades.

5 Always buy a shade which hides the naked bulb from your eyes.

continued from previous page

you want it. For reading in bed, the best fitting is not the traditional bedside table lamp, but an adjustable wall fitting set above the bed so that the light falls directly on your book, not on face or pillow. Each bed should have a separate light with a separate switch, so that one person's reading need not disturb the other's sleep.

In the **bathroom** lamps must be completely enclosed to make them safe from steam. Your general light is best placed in the ceiling. A useful addition is a light above, or flanking, the mirror. All these should be operated by pull-cord switches from the ceiling, for safety.

Kitchen lamps should give you plenty of light on all working surfaces. A central light with one bulb in it is not enough. Except when you are using a central table, it leaves you working in your own shadow. Fluorescent tubes in the ceiling, over strategic points, backed up by wall lights spotlighting sink, cooker and chief working surfaces make the best kitchen lighting scheme. There should be lights in all deep cupboards, operated by automatic switches in the doors, to simplify storage.

So much for the ideal. Now for the practical business of making your existing arrangements measure up as nearly as possible to it. Before you start, go round the house and make a careful study of your lighting as it is: where the fittings are and bulb sizes. Now take out all bulbs under one hundred watts and substitute higher wattages. This could make all the difference.

How many points?

You can't have too many plug points, but most houses are provided with far too few. Many of us try to get more service out of these by using two- or three-point adaptors. This is an unsatisfactory solution, often leading to overworked points and dangerously trailing wires. There should be a separate point for each appliance, placed so that the flex leading to the appliance can be as short as possible. If you must make do with adaptors, take the safety precaution of stapling the wires leading from them lightly to the skirting with insulated staples. Most homes need three or four outlets in living-rooms, four in the kitchen and two in each bedroom, plus extras round the house. It is possible to have new plug points added to an existing system. The cost is something between £3 and £5 per point. This is less than the cost of many light fittings, and a very sound investment when safety is involved.

Your lighting scheme depends on the position of the furniture. With the ideal in mind, make a note of the positions of the chairs and work out a scheme which gives a good general lighting to your living-room, and a good reading-lamp for each seating position. The light source should be about two feet above your book, work or sewing and should shine from behind and a little to one side.

New wall-brackets need not mean expensive channelling into walls. If you provide a plug for each, you can use one of the new kind which is pinned to the wall, with a transparent plastic flex which plugs into the skirting.

When you have added up the number of new points that you need, find out from a local electrician whether it would be cheaper to have them added to your present system or if it would be more worthwhile to install a new ring-circuit system. This consists of a single cable running round the house which can be tapped for outlets at any point. It is a marked improvement on the traditional system, where each outlet was wired back to the fuse-box, saving installation time and labour, and unnecessary lengths of wire.

One circuit will furnish a house of up to 1,000 sq. ft. with plug points. For a larger area, you will have to have two or more circuits. The recommended number of socket outlets for a single circuit is fifteen. This is enough for a small house, but you should not use them all at the same time. Your electrician will be able to advise you about this.

The plugs used with a ring circuit system are all provided with built-in fuses. These can be either two-amp, five-amp or thirteen-amp, according to the size of the appliance and are interchangeable. If you overload the circuit the fuse blows in the plug, and it is a simple matter to replace it. One blown fuse has no effect on the rest of the circuit, which will continue to work normally. The cost of a ring circuit would be between £30 and £35. A new, traditional circuit would be about £10 more. And for the price of six new outlets of the old type at £5 each, you could have a whole ring circuit of fifteen.

Choosing bulbs

Electric bulbs are not expensive. They give good, long service, but it is important to choose the right bulb for your purpose. Generally, you should have lamps of one hundred watts or over for table lamps and at least 150 watts for floor standards. This should also be the minimum total wattage of a ceiling fitting, either in the form of one 150-watt bulb, or several smaller. Wall lamps usually take forty- or sixty-watt lamps. Many good shades are made for a particular size of lamp and you should use the size specified.

Avoid clear bulbs which give a dazzling light and cast hard shadows. Choose pearl or silica-coated bulbs, which give a softer, more diffused light. The new pink-tinted lamps are still softer.

Domestic use of fluorescent light is increasing. Since the tubes never become hot, they can be used safely in enclosed spaces, behind a pelmet or concealed in an alcove to create an effect, or give general light. The wide, even spread of light makes fluorescent lighting specially suitable for kitchens and bathrooms.

Colour and light

Your colour scheme may have a great effect on your lighting scheme. The lighter the colour the more light it reflects, so a light-coloured room needs proportionately less light than a dark one. In a dark-painted room you need more sources of light.

Colour also influences your choice of fluorescent lighting. There are six colours made which are suitable for home use. If your decorations contain a lot of red, your best choice would be De Luxe Warm White, or Warm White. Both contain a proportion of red and show up red tones in decorations to advantage. In a room which is predominantly green or yellow, Daylight or White would be more flattering. For a blue room the choice lies between North Light or Natural. These are not hard-and-fast rules, the choice depends on you. The nearest approach to daylight is North Light—sometimes called Colour Matching. But you may find this gloomy and prefer De Luxe Warm White, which is the nearest fluorescent equivalent to the familiar light of the ordinary tungsten filament lamp.

The best way to decide is to take samples of your furnishings to the lighting showroom and experiment for yourself.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer

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FROM CO-OPERATIVE STORES

So you want to be an actress

continued from page 13

repertory, then return to London to join the throng of others clamouring for parts in films, television and stage plays.

Most of them are hard up. They take part-time jobs as models, shop assistants, coffee-bar waitresses, usherettes and post office workers, while they try to get stage work by writing to producers, calling on agents, attending auditions and waiting for the telephone to ring.

All too often the big chance turns out to be a disappointment. Olive McFarland, who is just becoming established after struggling for five years, was once offered a big part in a West End play.

Gaily she hurried to the theatre for the first rehearsal. Soon after she arrived, the producer of the play turned up with another actress. "He told me that he had changed his mind and decided to give the part to the other girl—and that was that."

All Miss McFarland's engagements have come by chance. On one occasion when a play was being cast she wrote to the producer, who engaged her on the strength of having the same surname as himself. She got a small rôle in a film about Norway because she looks like a Scandinavian. A television producer gave her a part in a play because he remembered her face; he had once sacked her when he was the manager of a repertory company in Perth.

Recently Dame Sybil Thorndike insisted that Miss McFarland should appear with her in a television play, on the grounds that they had both made their first stage appearance in the same part. Not long ago she was paid a comfortable salary by the management of a company which was about to

MUSIC-LOVERS—I

There are two golden rules for an orchestra. They must begin together and end together. The public doesn't give a damn what goes on in between.

Sir Thomas Beecham

launch a new star. "They thought I bore too close a resemblance to the girl who was being launched," she says, "and they wanted to keep me out of circulation."

In the fight to keep abreast of rivals Olive McFarland has become a skilled and tough campaigner. She knows that producers form a mental image of the "character" they want, and tend to steer clear of "types." In order to avoid being typed as a Nordic blonde, she frequently wears a brunette wig in parts where it does not matter.

She has always avoided attempts by relatives to persuade her to train for a safe job. "If I did, I'd have something to fall back on, and I might be tempted during a bad patch." She has based her career on the advice given her by Dame Sybil Thorndike: "It takes ten years to become a star overnight."

This is generally true—but not always. Vivien Leigh achieved top billing after her first West End play, almost immediately after she left drama school. So, more recently, did Mary Ure.

The career of Heather Sears has so far followed the dream-pattern of every young actress. At seventeen she enrolled at the Central School of Drama. "I wasn't thought much of as a student," she admits. In her final year she was signed by Romulus Films after a talent scout had seen her in an end-of-term play.

For her film test she read part of the script of *The Story Of Esther Costello*, which was still on the files. When the film came to be made, a director recalled that she had read the part well, and put her on a short list for the title rôle. At the audition, her performance produced tears of emotion from Joan Crawford, star of the film. Heather Sears got the part; her handling of it lifted her into the ranks of leading film actresses and led to other film, television and stage engagements. She now lives in a quiet square in Hampstead, has a film art director for a husband, and can afford to reject offers of parts she does not like.

Sudden elevation can often lead to disaster, through inexperience, or lack of genuine talent. An actress launched not long ago as "the successor to Anna Magnani" failed dismally to live up to the label; she has not been heard of since.

Even an actress with real gifts can spend a large part of her career in obscurity. Peggy Mount was a repertory actress for sixteen years before she got into the West End in *Sailor Beware*. Her performance established her as one of Britain's finest comediennes.

Their driving force

Some actresses mature late—they are unsuitable for *ingénue* rôles and only achieve success when they are able to play older women. Flora Robson was scarcely known on the stage until she was nearing middle age. At twenty-four, she left the profession for four years, and worked as a factory welfare officer.

In spite of the difficulties, privations and disappointments most girls who try to embark on a stage career do so willingly and cheerfully, giving up social activities, marriage prospects and even regular meals to gain their end. What is the driving force which enables them to do so?

Apart from the material rewards of success—which can be very high—many actresses are attracted by the social "freedom" of a profession which is artistic, intellectual and glamorous. There is the added advantage of being paid for doing the one thing an actress likes doing best—acting.

In the Victorian era, the idea of work being congenial was in itself considered immoral, and stage performers were regarded with suspicion. Echoes of this puritan tradition still persist, and are responsible for many parents being dubious about putting their daughters on the stage.

According to psychologists, theatrical performers are usually people of immature personality, clinging to instincts of self-aggrandisement which others discard during childhood. In later life these instincts are resolved into the actors' desire to express individuality; they develop a stage presence which is normally quite different from their real personalities. Many professional actors of both sexes are shy and retiring in their private lives, and suffer agonies of nervous tension before they go in front of an audience.

Yet actresses of real talent are fanatically dedicated. Avis Bunnage, the thirty-six year old actress who plays a leading part in the West End production, *A Taste Of Honey*, wanted to enter a drama school at sixteen, but her parents refused. "They wanted me to learn a useful job."

She sold programmes in a repertory theatre, took part in amateur plays and persevered in her ambition to act throughout a four-year illness. It was eight years before she got her first small part in repertory.

Later, she went on tour in one-night stands for £3 a week; the performers did everything from stage managing to scrubbing the boards. At the first night of one production there were only four spectators—the producer, the stage manager, the translator and his wife.

Even now, her status as an actress in demand has not made her any happier, or any less happy, than before. "If I think I've given a bad performance it keeps me awake all night," she says. "I love it, and sometimes I loathe it."

THE END

LANCASTRIA · 3

by Geoffrey Bond

In a sea of horror a baby survives

As men died all round, a tiny child was saved—by her father's teeth

THE bombed liner Lancastria was sinking quickly, dragging hundreds to their deaths. Amid the terrible, confused drama of the shipwreck, with its noise of the great ship's siren sounding, the screams of the wounded and shouts of command, Cliff Tillyer, his wife Vera and two-and-a-half year old daughter Jacqueline were given seats in a lifeboat.

But the moment the lifeboat touched the water it capsized. The Tillyers were hurled out. Jacqueline, in her father's arms, wearing a lifejacket, was too bewildered to cry.

As the lifeboat sank beneath them, Cliff and his wife swam away, dragging the baby through the thick oil-covered sea, which German bombers were trying to set alight with incendiaries. Then the Germans, swooping low, started machine-gunning.

"Whatever happens," gasped Cliff, "we must keep together."

It was their chief hope of survival. Around them, men without lifejackets were slipping beneath the waves—men who only a matter of minutes previously, on that Monday afternoon of July 17, 1940, were contentedly waiting for the Lancastria to take them back to England.

After anchoring off St. Nazaire earlier in the day, the liner had taken aboard more than six thousand Servicemen and civilians, such as the Tillyers, who were being evacuated in the retreat from France.

As soon as the Lancastria was hit, at 3.48 p.m., the Dundrum Castle put about, anchored and swung down her boats to begin the great pick-up. Other rescue vessels sped to the scene of disaster—British destroyers, cargo ships, French trawlers and flower ships among them.

All this took time, however. The Tillyers were rapidly becoming exhausted; Cliff held Jacqueline's clothing between his teeth.

An R.A.F. sergeant named Payne helped by giving them a length of wood, which Cliff

For them at least the ordeal is over. Half-clothed, some naked, they board a transport ship bound for England

The war is long past. And in an English garden Lancastria survivors celebrate the wedding of Jacqueline Tillyer, the baby who escaped death by a miracle

Survivors arrive at Plymouth—two girls dressed in army shirts and pullovers, a woman in an army greatcoat

continued from previous page

thrust under the baby to give her extra support. It was a godsend.

Eventually they swam, pushed and pulled their way to a naval boat. Swimming round it was Petty Officer Frank Clements, from the destroyer Highlander. Champion swimmer that he was, he had already helped many weak and wounded survivors on board.

He spotted the trio. First Clements took the child, then swung Mrs. Tillyer over his shoulder and carried her up a rope ladder. Finally came Cliff's turn. When he saw his loved ones safe on deck he reflected that they had endured perhaps the most terrifying experience that life can offer.

Captain Rudolph Sharp, the Lancastria's skipper, was almost at the point of drowning when Dr. John Hill, the ship's surgeon, who was in a small rescue boat, spotted him.

Rescued in time

Being a strong swimmer, the doctor jumped overboard from the boat, which was pulling away. Soon he reached Sharp and supported him until he had recovered his breath.

Together they struck out for the boat, watched by one of its occupants, the second-in-command of the Lancastria, Chief Officer Harry Grattidge.

By the time they reached the side of the boat both were almost unconscious with the effort, and it was only after a considerable tussle that they were lifted aboard.

The captain recovered, to live for another two years; he went down with his ship, the Laconia, torpedoed off the coast of West Africa in 1942.

Men were still crowded on the upturned underside of the Lancastria, which was only a foot or two clear of the sea. An officer lit a cigarette and flicked the ash into the swirling water.

Somewhere a strong Welsh voice was singing: "Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun." From all around, voices took up the song; swimming in the oil, drifting on makeshift rafts and pieces of wreckage, wounded in lifebelts, and on the ship itself.

"Now's the time to roll the barrel," voices chorused to the staccato accompaniment of machine-gun fire from the raiders above.

"For the gang's all here." . . .

But the Lancastria had gone. And many of the gang had disappeared with her.

Corporal A. R. Wright counted himself among the luckiest of men. He had found a handhold on a lump of wood, but when his extra weight made it start to sink, and the three survivors who were already clutching it looked at him imploringly, he made for the shore, about three miles away.

Suddenly he came across an amazing sight—a completely empty dinghy. He grabbed the gunwale, hoisted himself up, and dropped inside thankfully.

After a brief rest Wright moved aft to the dinghy's motor and tried to get it going. It coughed twice, almost fired, then stopped dead.

Wright muttered in annoyance, rubbing his chin in perplexity. He had to get the damn thing started somehow.

The answer came in a shout from the sea. The corporal stopped tinkering with the engine to pull on board a completely naked man.

"Know anything about those things?" Wright asked.

The stranger grinned. "I should do," he replied. "I'm an R.A.S.C. driver. Here, let me have a go!"

A couple of minutes later the little engine was chugging away merrily. Wright took the tiller, making for that part of the sea where the swimmers were thickest.

When ten people packed the dinghy, Wright knew that he would have to unload them before collecting any more. And still his luck held, for a large flat-bottomed boat now moved slowly across his bows. He soon steered alongside.

Then back he went again, refilling the dinghy, emptying it and filling it yet again. He made ten trips and picked up sixty survivors.

Captain Claude Nicol, safely aboard a French tug, asked for one of the tug's small rowing boats to be launched. Hardly had it touched the surface of the sea before Nicol seized a pair of oars and, assisted by two army men, began to pull away back towards the sinking liner.

Water began to seep into the bottom of the boat before they had gone very far. One of the men fumbled round frantically, then called out: "The bloody plug's missing. We'll go down!"

"Put your finger in it," came the immediate and somewhat unsympathetic reply.

The leak was temporarily staunched with a rag, and then the boat was among the survivors, picking them up as fast as arms could pull the tired bodies aboard.

The men, both rescuers and rescued alike, were covered by the heavy oil, and when the rowers next pulled on the oars the handles slipped round in their hands. The boat had to drift helplessly with the tide.

The leak started again.

Then, by enormous good fortune, a French motor-driven trawler drew alongside. The men started to transfer to her, the last of them managing to heave themselves on to the deck of the larger vessel just as their own boat went down. It had been a near thing.

Leaning over the trawler's side, Captain Nicol heard a woman's voice. It came from an inert body, lying like a bundle of sodden clothes on the surface of the sea, slapped and buffeted by nudging wavelets. He swung himself overboard, holding a rope with one hand, and managed to pull the figure to the side of the trawler.

The woman was very nearly unconscious. The officer leaned back and beckoned others to his aid, but even between them they could not succeed in raising her owing to her sticky, slimy, oil-covered clothing which slipped again and again from their grasp.

Then the fishermen had an idea. They quickly rigged up tackle and fixed it to a large canvas loop. This, after much further effort, was placed round the woman's body and beneath her arms. At last she was lifted to safety.

Only just under

By now the Lancastria lay on the sea bed, but the water was shallow and the side of her hull was only two or three feet beneath the waves. In fact, the projecting wing of her bridge was still just above the surface of the sea.

If the ship had sunk on an even keel the upper decks would not have submerged, and undoubtedly many more lives would have been saved. . . .

Sister Gladys Trott, a Church Army worker, sat in a lifeboat, finding it hard to believe the evidence of the preceding hours. A soldier was stretched out at her feet with badly bleeding face, and her friend, Sister Chamley, sat not far away, completely exhausted.

A young soldier threshed the water by the side of the overloaded boat.

"Please let him come aboard—please," said the sister. "I'll look after him."

An officer shrugged. Who had a right to refuse? The lifeboat settled slightly lower in the sea. Three hours later a French trawler picked them all up.

Among those already on board the trawler was a veterinary surgeon, who rendered great service to the wounded and burned, joking that they'd have to be tended by a horse-doctor.

After two unforgettable hours aboard the trawler, the British destroyer Havelock came up, and the survivors were taken over to the bigger vessel and given tea well-laced with rum.

Sister Trott and her companion took off their ties and gave them to men in place of belts. Shirt-blouses went to the female refugees.

Conditions for the wounded were particularly primitive. A volunteer sat on the shoulders of a Major Davies while the surgeon stitched up the major's wounds without any form of anaesthetic. As the injuries were painful, it was not long before, mercifully, the officer passed out.

Squadron-Leader Eric Shipp had turned on his back to float when he saw a boat making in his direction. He immediately began to swim towards it, thinking he had been seen and that it was speeding to his assistance. Then it veered away—but not to continue a fresh course, as the R.A.F. officer feared. The vessel dropped anchor. He renewed his efforts.

The rest was comparatively easy. He was hauled on board, given a hard massage which brought the blood coursing back warmly through his ice-cold limbs, then provided with a drink and taken to the wheelhouse to get properly thawed out.

He was on a French tender.

On one side of him sat a youngster, whose eyes were bright, but whose skin was unnaturally pale.

The boy's head was held high, but seemingly immovable, as though clasped in some invisible vice. Shipp learned that as a result of one of the bomb explosions on the Lancastria a sliver of wood had penetrated the soldier's neck, six inches behind one ear.

No sign of fear

The lad knew full well that any movement might cause sudden death, but he showed no sign of fear.

He died later that night.

Sergeant Picken dropped to the deck of the same French tender like a landed fish. Someone picked him up and helped him into the cabin and there he was left, cold, shivering and almost naked. Directly in front he saw a locker. He opened it and found some linen belonging to the crew.

He took out a pair of pyjama trousers and a butcher's apron, put them on and left the cabin to make room for more seriously fatigued men.

The tender's radio operator spoke to the skipper in French. Orders had been received to return to the mainland and now, with "full steam ahead"-signalled down to the engine room, the tug swung completely round.

Though thankful to be alive, the survivors aboard her didn't relish the prospect of falling into German hands.

Then someone spotted a two-funnelled transport. It was heading slowly out towards the open sea. If they could attract its attention. . . .

A man began semaphoring with two pieces of torn white rag. The big ship saw the signal and changed course. A cheer went up.

The tender turned to meet the oncoming vessel. As they came close alongside troops lined the taffrail and threw down cigarettes and clothing, a lot of which fell into the sea.

It was the Oronsay, the Orient liner which had been bombed before the Lancastria. Her bridge was virtually wrecked, and all her navigational instruments were smashed.

As the men came aboard her, the skipper, Captain Nicholls, called down to them, explaining the state his vessel was in and asking for army personnel to assist his crew. Using auxiliary steering, she set course for England.

The crew did everything within their power to succour the survivors. Sergeant Garretts had a steaming mug of

continued on page 32

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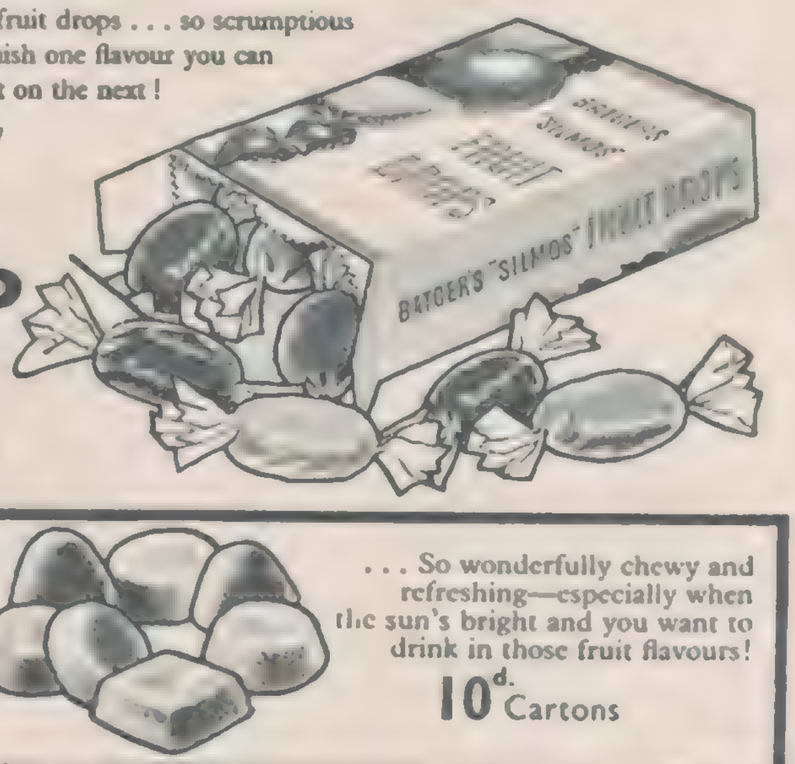

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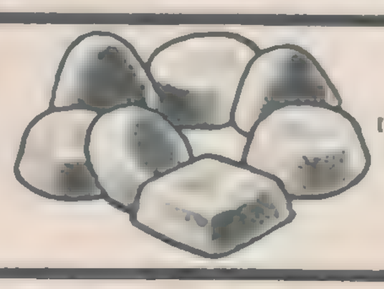

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Lancastria

continued from page 30

tea thrust into his hand. He took a long pull, coughed and blinked. The stuff, he could have sworn, was made with sea water, but for all that it was the best he had ever tasted.

Squadron-Leader Martin, like so many other survivors, had been originally picked up by a French fishing-boat. On board it was a soldier who had miraculously managed to keep his rifle comparatively free from water and oil. The captain ordered this man up beside him on the bridge, for the rifle was the boat's sole armament against another bombing attack.

It must have been towards six o'clock in the evening when Second-Lieutenant "Peter" Petit, of the Naafi, who was still in the water, grabbed hold of a floating deck-chair. His confidence increased with possession of the chair, for it was built entirely of teak, splendidly buoyant, and could easly have supported two people.

As evening advanced the water became noticeably colder, and with the approaching dusk chances of being picked up would become increasingly remote.

When visibility was all but gone, two vessels came into view. One was a destroyer; the other a French trawler. Now was the moment for Petit to try for one of them, or the chance might be lost for ever.

After a moment's thought he decided on the destroyer, for though she was scarcely nearer than her neighbour, he realized it was quite a swim which lay

MUSIC-LOVERS—2

What most people relish is hardly music; it is rather a drowsy reverie relieved by nervous thrills.

George Santayana

before him, and remembered the tot of navy rum he would be sure to receive if he managed to reach his objective. That alone was worth trying for.

He began to strike out, praying that the ship would not alter course. If that happened all might soon be over, for his limbs were gradually numbing with cold.

But luckily the assistant paymaster on the Highlander spotted the small figure struggling below. Petit was unable to climb the Jacob's ladder slung from the fo'c'sle peak, but two sailors scrambled out over the side and hauled him safely aboard.

Within a few minutes of picking up Petit, the destroyer was steaming off at full speed again, guns firing as she fought off a swarm of enemy aircraft.

Ironing the frills

Petit went down to the wardroom stewards' pantry to dry out and get a welcome change of clothes. The wardroom itself was in use as a hospital. In the pantry, one of the stewards, "Ding Dong" Bell, of Dover, was busy ironing. "Be with you in a minute, sir," he said, looking up from his task and smiling at Petit, who slumped down in a nearby chair.

Petit was content to wait, and watched the man at work, lips pursed in concentration on the job in hand. Bell seemed to be having some difficulty, but went on talking.

"Lucky we were able to pick up that woman and kiddie," he said, skirting with the hot iron a particularly difficult patch of delicate material.

He looked up, finally giving vent to his inner feelings. "But I tell you straight—those bloody frills will be the death of me!"

His ironing finished, Bell invited Petit to strip off, dry himself down with a piece of towel, then squat on the steel deck, close to a wall-fitted electric fire.

It was at about this time that a signal reached the Cabinet Room at No. 10 Downing Street.

Winston Churchill learned about the disaster immediately, but such was the gravity of Britain's war situation that he decided against releasing such terrible news.

Thus it was that although the facts concerning the sinking of the Lancastria were immediately made known to the German people, the announcement of her loss did not reach the British public until July 26, 1940—thirty-nine days after the event.

During the early part of the night, the Highlander transferred all her survivors to the Oronsay. The two vessels then separated for fear of being seen by the enemy. The liner headed for Britain, while the destroyer stayed behind to defend other British craft.

As soon as it was daylight Petit and Daniels, a fellow officer, made a tour of inspection to find if there were other survivors whom they knew personally.

The ship was packed from bow to stern, having well over seven thousand evacuated troops and almost two thousand survivors from the Lancastria, many of them casualties.

Improvised wards

Despite the fact that much bomb damage had been caused by the previous day's attack, the public rooms and entire upper deck had been brought into use as a hospital.

The ship's surgeon, aided by the few qualified military personnel and several willing volunteers, struggled with an almost insuperable task. A great proportion of the casualties were men who had taken fuel oil into their stomachs or lungs, and little could be done for them.

Others had been terribly scalded by jets of steam which spouted from the damaged pipes of the dying vessel.

On being told by the surgeon that he desperately needed supplies of whisky or brandy (the Oronsay's own stocks were by then quite exhausted) Petit and Daniels set off to visit every cabin, guessing there would be several bottles among the officers and men fortunate enough to have had a quiet embarkation from St. Nazaire.

They soon secured a tidy little supply, which undoubtedly saved many lives

Little food was available, and the supply of fresh water was very short, for the Oronsay, like the ill-fated Lancastria, had been among the craft taking part in the evacuation of Norway

Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 24

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Use the ½-in. wood to make a container the shape of a 12-in. cube and pack the spindle in it diagonally. To calculate the interior diagonal of such a cube, using a method no more difficult than Pythagoras, first calculate the interior diagonal (call it A) of the base. In inches, A^2 equals the sum of the squares on the two sides of the panel on either side of A (i.e., $11^2 + 11^2$, or 242). Therefore A equals $\sqrt{242}$. To calculate the length of the diagonal (call it B) of the cube, take another right-angled triangle consisting of B, the interior height of the cube (11 in.) and A. Therefore B^2 equals $11^2 + A^2$, or 121 + 242, or 363. Therefore B equals $\sqrt{363}$, or 19.05 in., which will allow ample room for the spindle.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest thy weary head upon this breast!" (Longfellow)
Clue Down: Mendelssohn's Wedding March.
Clues Across: (A) Monsoon; (B) Estuary; (C) Nautch; (D) Diadem; (E) Estaminet; (F) Ledger; (G) Seneschal; (H) Stipend; (I) Octagon; (J) Hedge; (K) Nacre; (L) Swastika; (M) Withers; (N) Envoy; (O) Dowser; (P) Daventry; (Q) Ishmael; (R) Nevada; (S) Gumption; (T) Minster; (U) Achilles; (V) Robber; (W) Cedilla; (X) Honesty.

"You were glad enough to tie your hammock to it in the summer"

and had been rushed over to St. Nazaire within a few hours of her return to the U.K., allowing practically no time at all to re-stock her depleted larders and tanks.

In fact, only twenty-four hours previously, several ships including, it was said, the Lancastria, had protested that they needed water before contemplating the return trip home from St. Nazaire.

The Oronsay reached Plymouth without suffering further attack. But there were few passengers who realized what a masterpiece of seamanship the return journey had been.

Captain Nicholls had not been exaggerating when he told the troops that the ship was in a bad way. Nevertheless, he brought her back without a single chart, navigating with a motoring map of France, and with a sound compass as his sole directional equipment.

Dockside welcome

People crowded the Plymouth dockside, greeting the Oronsay and other rescue ships. Girls appeared with trays stacked high with cigarettes, while other well-meaning but over-zealous onlookers started showering the men on board with gifts of food. One unfortunate soldier was hit on the head by a flying tin of corned beef, and sustained the only wound of his whole personal campaign.

But what of those survivors taken back to France? How were they helped and by whom?

Hundreds of black, oil-covered bodies had lain on the deck of the French trawler which picked up Corporal Youngs at about eight o'clock on the evening of the disaster. A French civilian doctor was moving slowly among the still figures, examining them thoroughly but swiftly. Often he would rise, shake his head slowly and utter a single word: "Mort."

Then crewmen would take hold of the body and with scant ceremony sling it back into the sea. They reasoned that their ship was overladen already, and only God could take care of the dead.

A cabin-boy led Youngs to a seat below, and when he was given a glass of water the corporal fell forward on to his face in a dead faint.

It was dark when he came round, to find himself being carried to an ambulance on the St. Nazaire dockside.

The hospital to which he was taken was staffed by nuns. The following day, after the oil had been scrubbed off him, he was given a place on the floor of a children's ward.

Feeling stronger, Youngs began to look around, and to his surprise and delight saw the familiar face of Corporal Cyril Woolston, who had gone out to France with him on September 13, 1939.

The two of them lay there talking, wondering what was going to happen next. They did not have to wait long.

Next day a German officer and two troopers entered the ward. Addressing the eleven British men present, the officer said that they must consider themselves prisoners. In perfect English, and icily polite, he warned them not to try and escape.

"As long as you remain here you will be well cared for," he said. "If you try to get away you will be shot."

An English-speaking nun told Youngs that as yet there were comparatively few Germans in St. Nazaire; the main body was still the other side of Nantes, but would arrive very shortly.

The troops were not to be left much longer at that particular hospital. Within a day a French lieutenant told the men they were under orders to go to a French military hospital on the sea front.

News of the survivors had spread among the civilian population, and a large number of oddly assorted clothes began to arrive at the hospital in St. Nazaire. Youngs was given an outsize sports coat and an old pair of very baggy trousers, and when the small party left to climb into a waiting ambulance a crowd of townsfolk collected and clapped their sympathy.

There were few patients in the military hospital, the majority had already been evacuated farther south. As there was no further evidence of German troops, the handful of survivors looked forward to a pleasant and unexpected period of convalescence.

They were not to be disappointed. Before long, with the exception of two who had been badly burned, the men were getting up every day.

Five men of hope

After a couple of days, a nurse brought news that there was a French coal vessel in harbour, reported to be leaving for England. She tactfully said no more, but left the fittest survivors to sum up the possibilities for themselves. Accordingly, five men crept out of the hospital and made their way to the quayside in hopes of cadging a passage, no matter how dirty or uncomfortable the journey might be. But rumour had been wrong. The boat was going to Algeria.

They returned crestfallen to the ward.

A priest visited the survivors every day, chatting to them in their own language, and providing books for them to read. He even managed to get Youngs a pair of spectacles to replace those the corporal had lost in the sea.

The days passed slowly. They were uneventful. There seemed nothing to look forward to but ultimate captivity.

Then one morning Youngs sat up in his bed, which faced one of the great windows, with their glorious sea vista. He blinked, rubbed his eyes, blinked again—then sprang to the floor excitedly. Passing near to the shore

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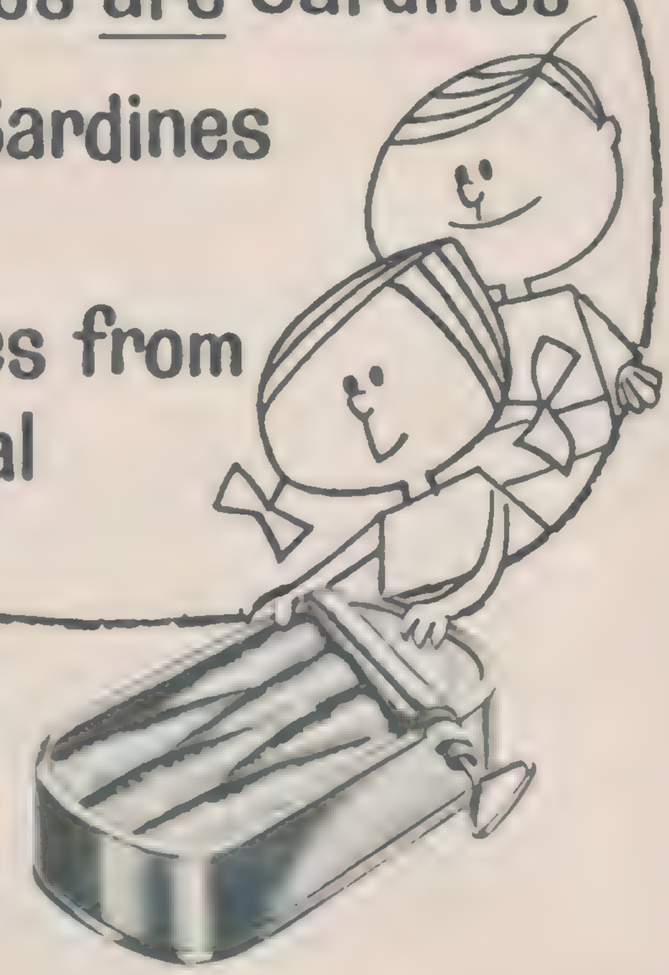
when Sardines are

Sardines from Portugal



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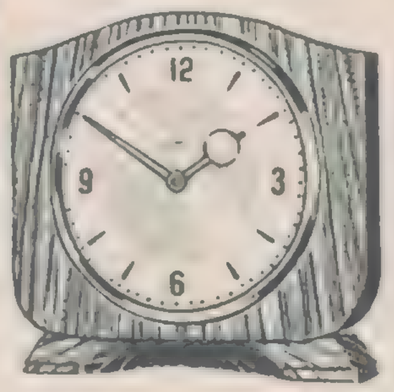

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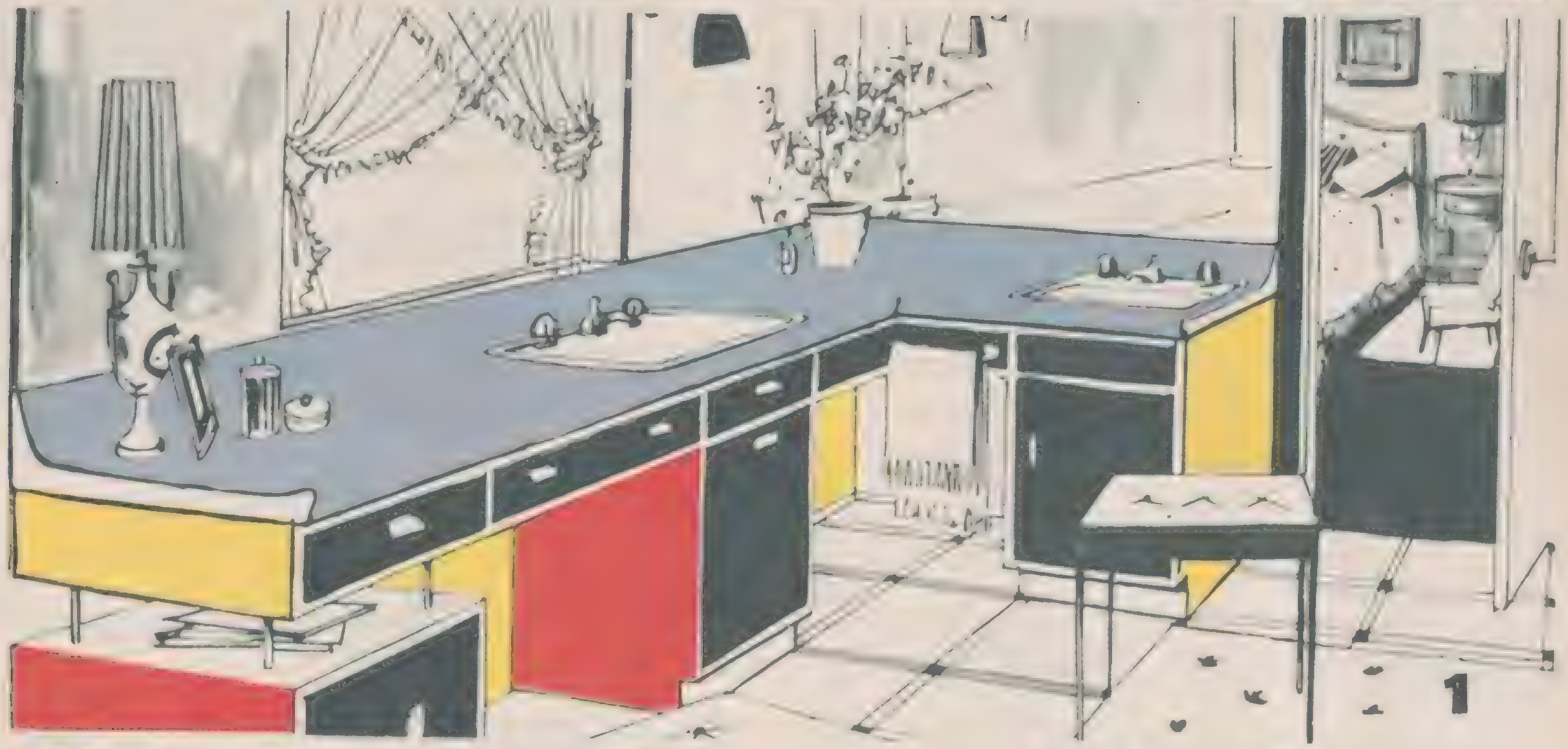

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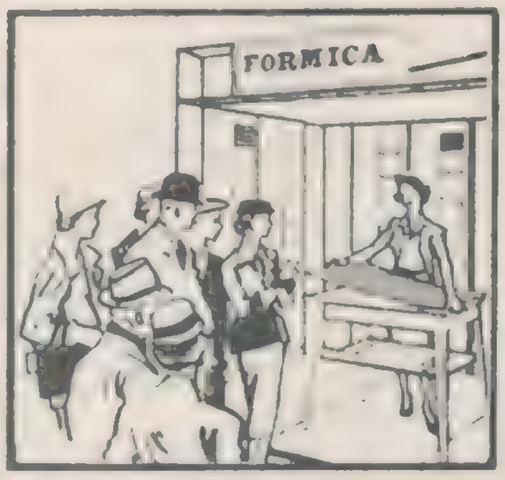

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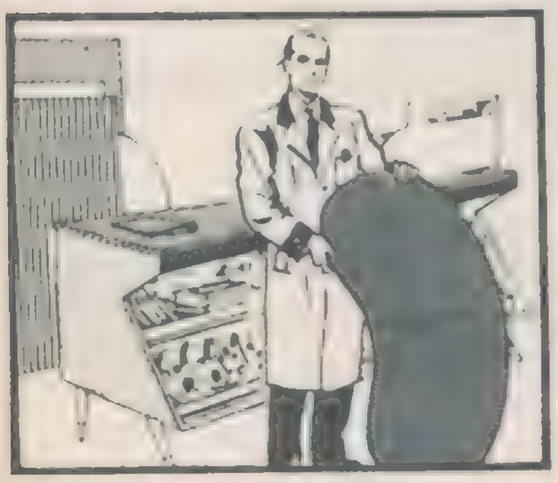

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Lancastria

continued from page 33

was a familiar lean grey shape — a British destroyer.

Youngs ran to Woolston, in the next bed, and shook his friend's shoulder urgently. "Wake up, Cyril—and look out there!"

Together the two men crossed to the window.

"But what's she doing here, of all places?" asked Woolston.

By now a group of other survivors had joined the pair. One or two nurses were let into the secret, and promised to help the men get away.

The two badly wounded men had to be left behind, and watched their companions leave with more than a twinge of envy. The others recognized the bravery of the nurses, for those wonderful women would have to answer to the Germans when the survivors' absence was later discovered.

The nurses and the two burned men were prepared for that, their only fear being that the get-away might be spoiled.

It was not long before word came that a Red Cross ambulance was waiting, standing empty, at the hospital doors. The survivors walked swiftly out of their ward and through the building. Corporal Woolston slid behind the driving wheel as his eight companions piled into the rear, and the vehicle moved off, unchallenged and unseen.

They followed the road going south, in the direction the destroyer had appeared to be taking.

Bumps and bends

On went the ambulance, swinging round the bends, careering crazily over the bumps. Then, some miles farther on, it came upon the destroyer, the Panjabi. She had pulled in to pick up about two hundred French and Polish soldiers. The captain was shouting instructions from the bridge.

"Who are you?" he bellowed across to the small group as the ambulance rocked to a standstill. They were certainly a motley-looking collection, dressed in cast-off French clothing.

"Survivors from the Lancastria," Youngs shouted back. "We've just escaped from hospital, can you take us aboard?"

A brief pause. It was clear that the captain was far from convinced. "How do I know that?" he replied.

"You don't!" bawled the corporal. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to take a chance. It's either that or leave us to the Jerries."

The men exchanged uneasy glances while the captain, a tall bearded man, consulted other officers on the bridge. Finally he nodded, then turned back to the group on the road and called through a megaphone: "All right, we'll take your word for it. Come aboard!"

At once the ship started to back out before heading across the Bay of Biscay.

The survivors were immediately taken into the captain's cabin for close interrogation.

"You realize, of course," the officer said, leaning back in his chair, "that you could easily be taken for German spies? Your Lancastria story is a good angle for getting over to England."

By way of answer Youngs produced his paybook. It was still stained with oil smears and always would be. Others produced further means of identification.

The captain studied the various objects carefully and at last was convinced.

"Why did you chance bringing us aboard, sir?" asked the corporal.

A lucky cockney

The naval officer smiled. "I wasn't going to," he replied, "until I heard your accent. No English-speaking German in the world could imitate that shade of cockney."

For five days the destroyer was at sea, and at last came into Devonport. Her arrival was clearly expected, for a band of the Royal Marines was playing on the quayside.

After the recent ordeal it was good to set foot on home ground again, but the nerves of the returning survivors tingled unpleasantly when the band switched suddenly from a stirring march to one of the more popular hits of the moment.

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun. . . .

Corporal Youngs saw the Lancastria again, her decks a chaos of wounded men. He tasted the oil, heard the machine-gun bullets flicking past him in the water, and felt his flesh shiver in the warm summer air.

It was all over, he told himself. Back there, in the great bay, beyond the channel, lay the Lancastria at a depth of ten fathoms—as, indeed, she still lies.

Opinions vary on how many people were on board when she was hit. Some survivors say that there were at least seven thousand; others give a lower estimate.

Even the number of survivors is a matter for conjecture. Lloyd's have put it at 2,740; "Peter" Petit prefers the lower figure of 2,500. But to this day nobody can be sure.

Even now a thin trail of oil bubbles to the surface from her broken fuel tanks.

A marker buoy stands sentinel over the spot, and at exceptionally low tides the superstructure of the dead vessel can be seen above water, almost as though she seeks to return and re-live those last frantic, terrible minutes of a long-faded June afternoon.

THE END

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"Lancastria," by Geoffrey Bond, is published as a book by Oldbourne Press at 18s.

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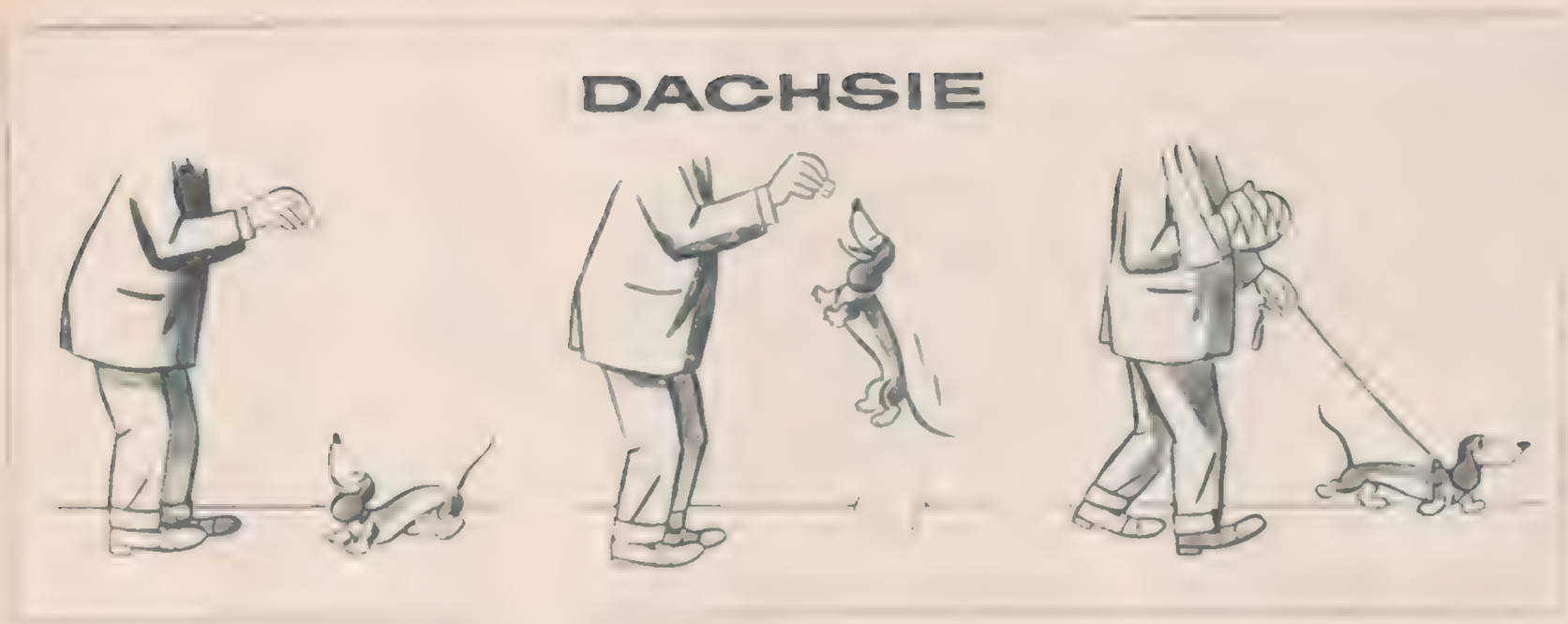

Cat among the pigeons

continued from page 21

girl is fully mature. She might easily be over twenty by the look of her. And that is what she feels like. You can't expect her to feel the same age as Julia Upjohn, for instance."

"I wish they were all like Julia Upjohn," said Miss Johnson.

"I don't," said Miss Bulstrode briskly. "A schoolful of girls all alike would be very dull."

Dull, she thought, as she went back to her marking of scripture essays. That word had been repeating itself in her brain for some time now. *Dull*. . . .

IF there was one thing her school was not, it was dull. During her career as its headmistress, she herself had never felt dull. It had all been stimulating, exciting, supremely worth while. And even now, though she had made up her mind to it, she did not want to go.

She was physically in excellent health, almost as tough as when she and Chaddy (faithful Chaddy!) had started the great enterprise with a mere handful of children, and backing from a banker of unusual foresight. She had never been afraid to experiment, whilst Chaddy's supreme achievement had always been to be *there*, at hand, the faithful buffer, quick to render assistance when assistance was needed.

Well, from the material point of view, both women had done very well out of it. If they retired now, they would both have a good assured income for the rest of their lives. Miss Bulstrode wondered if Chaddy would want to retire when she herself did? Probably not. Probably, to her, the school was home. She would continue, faithful and reliable, to buttress up Miss Bulstrode's successor.

Because Miss Bulstrode had made up her mind—a successor there must be. Firstly associated with herself in joint rule and then to rule alone. To know when to go—that was one of the great necessities of life.

Miss Bulstrode finished marking the essays and rang for her secretary. She dictated letters for an hour. Ann Shapland's pencil raced over the pad.

A very good secretary, Miss Bulstrode thought to herself. Better than Vera Lorrimer. Tiresome girl, Vera, throwing up her post so suddenly.

"That's the lot," said Miss Bulstrode, as she dictated the last word. She heaved a sigh of relief. "So many dull things to be done," she remarked.

Ann laughed. Miss Bulstrode looked at her appraisingly.

"What made you take up secretarial work?"

"I don't quite know. I had no special bent for anything in particular, and it's the sort of thing almost everybody drifts into."

"You don't find it monotonous?"

"I suppose I've been lucky. I've had a lot of different jobs."

"There's a lot of that nowadays amongst you girls," said Miss Bulstrode. "All this chopping and changing." She sounded disapproving.

"Actually, I can't do anything for very long. I've got an invalid mother. She's rather—well—difficult from time to time. And then I have to go back home and take charge."

"I see."

"But all the same, I'm afraid I should chop and change anyway. I haven't got the gift for continuity. I find chopping and changing far less dull."

"Dull . . ." murmured Miss Bulstrode, struck again by the fatal word.

Ann looked at her in surprise.

"Don't mind me," said Miss Bulstrode. "It's just that sometimes one particular word seems to crop up all the time. How would you have liked to be a schoolmistress?" she asked, with some curiosity.

"I'm afraid I should hate it," said Ann frankly. "I'd find it terribly dull—Oh, I am sorry."

"Teaching isn't in the least dull," said Miss Bulstrode with spirit. "It can be the most exciting thing in the world. I shall miss it terribly when I retire."

"But surely——" Ann stared at her. "Are you thinking of retiring?"

"It's decided—yes. Oh, I shan't go for another year or two."

"But—why?"

"Because I've given my best to the school—and had the best from it. I don't want the second best."

"The school will carry on?"

"Oh yes. I have a good successor."

"Miss Vansittart, I suppose?"

"So you fix on her automatically?" Miss Bulstrode looked at her sharply.

"I'm afraid I hadn't really thought about it," Ann said. "I've just overheard the staff talking. I should think she'll carry on in your tradition."

BUT do I want that? thought Miss Bulstrode to herself as Ann went out. Carry on where I leave off? That's just what Eleanor *will* do! No new experiments, nothing revolutionary. That wasn't the way I made Meadowbank what it is. I took chances, upset lots of people, bullied and cajoled and refused to follow the pattern of other schools. Isn't that what I want to follow on here now? Someone to pour new life into the school. Some dynamic personality . . . like—yes—Eileen Rich.

But Eileen wasn't old enough, hadn't enough experience. She was stimulating, though; she could teach. She had ideas. She would never be dull. Nonsense, she must get that word out of her mind. Eleanor was not dull. . . ."

She looked up with a start as Eleanor Vansittart knocked and entered. Then, on the spur of the moment, she asked: "Do you ever find life dull here?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Vansittart, taken aback and quite forgetting the few small routine points about the term's timetable which she had called in to raise. "I find the work here most stimulating and satisfying."

"I think I've made a good job of things," said Miss Bulstrode thoughtfully. "Nothing, of course, is ever quite as one first imagined it. . . ." She paused, then went on suddenly: "Tell me, Eleanor—if you were running this place instead of me, what changes would you make? Don't mind saying."

"I don't think I should want to make any changes," said Eleanor Vansittart. "It seems to me the spirit of the place and the organization are near perfect."

"You'd carry on on the same lines, you mean?"

"Yes, indeed. I don't think they could be bettered."

Miss Bulstrode was silent for a moment. Surely she didn't really mean it. Anybody with any creative feeling at all *must* want to make changes. Aloud, she said: "There must always be adjustments, though, mustn't there?"

"Oh, that, yes," said Miss Vansittart. "One has, as they say, to go with the times. But I think tradition is very important, don't you?"

MISS BULSTRODE did not answer. She was hovering on the brink of irrevocable words. The offer of a partnership hung in the air. She did not know really what was holding her back.

What *do* I want? she asked herself. Really, indecision has never been one of *my* faults up to now.

A bell sounded in the distance.

"My German class," said Miss Vansittart. "I must go."

Alone, Miss Bulstrode tried to settle down to some more paper work, but for once found the effort of will too much. She rose and wandered into the gardens where she almost collided with Eileen Rich, hurrying from a side path.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Bulstrode. I didn't see you." Miss Rich's hair, as usual, was escaping from its untidy bun. Miss Bulstrode noted anew the ugly but interesting bones of her face; a strange, eager, compelling young woman.

"You've got a class?" she asked.

"Yes. English——"

"You enjoy teaching, don't you?" said Miss Bulstrode.

"I love it. It's the most fascinating thing in the world."

"Why?"

Eileen Rich stopped dead. She ran

The Inspector's comment

(see page 20)

Doesn't look like an accident to me. Brenda Winstanley stated the shilling went in the gas-meter at 9 p.m. An hour and a half later when she knocked on her father's door there was only silence, and she thought him asleep. She claimed to have waited a minute or two. Fair enough. But who turned on the radio the housekeeper heard playing in the room next morning? Looks to me as if the old man had been listening to the wireless when he fell asleep, and that someone went in the room and turned on the gas. Whoever it was forgot to turn off the wireless at the same time. The girl's story needs further investigation.

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Cat among the pigeons

continued from previous page

a hand through her hair. She frowned.

"I don't know that I've ever really *thought* about it. Why *does* one like teaching? Is it because it makes one feel grand and important? No, it's more like fishing, I think. You don't know what catch you're going to get. It's the quality of the *response*. It's so exciting when it comes."

Miss Bulstrode nodded in agreement. This girl had something.

"I expect you'll run a school of your own some day," she said.

"Oh, I hope so," said Eileen Rich. "That's what I'd really like."

"You've got ideas already as to how a school should be run?"

"Everyone has ideas, I suppose," said Eileen Rich. "I daresay a great many of them are fantastic and they'd go utterly wrong. That would be a risk, of course. I would have to learn by experience. . . . The awful thing is that one can't go by other people's experience, can one?"

"Not really," said Miss Bulstrode. "One makes one's own mistakes."

"That's all right in life," said Eileen Rich, "in life you can pick yourself up and start again." Her hands, hanging at her side, clenched themselves into fists. Her expression was grim. Then, suddenly, it relaxed into humour. "But if a school's gone to pieces, you can't very well pick *that* up and start again, can you?"

"If *you* ran a school like Meadowbank," said Miss Bulstrode, "would you make changes—experiment?"

Eileen Rich looked embarrassed. "That's—that's an awfully hard thing to say," she said.

"You mean you would," said Miss Bulstrode. "Don't mind speaking your mind, child."

"One would always want, I suppose, to use one's own ideas," said Eileen Rich. "I don't say they'd work. They mightn't."

"But it would be worth taking a risk?"

"It's always worth taking a risk, isn't it? I mean if you feel strongly enough about anything." A shadow passed over the girl's face. "I must go. They'll be waiting." She hurried off.

Miss Bulstrode stood looking after her. . . .

"I simply can't play with the beastly thing. It's no good." Jennifer flung her racket down in despair.

"Oh Jennifer, what a fuss you make."

"It's the balance." Jennifer picked it up again and waggled it experimentally. "It doesn't balance right."

"It's much better than my old thing." Julia compared her racket. "Mine's like a sponge. Listen to the sound of it." She twanged. "We meant to have it restrung, but Mummy forgot."

"I'd rather have it than mine, all the same." Jennifer took it and tried a swish or two with it.

"Well, I'd rather have *yours*. I could really hit something then. I'll swap, if you will."

"All right then, swap."

The two girls peeled off the small pieces of adhesive plaster on which their names were written, and re-affixed them, each to the other's racket.

"I'm not going to swap back again," said Julia warningly. "So it's no use

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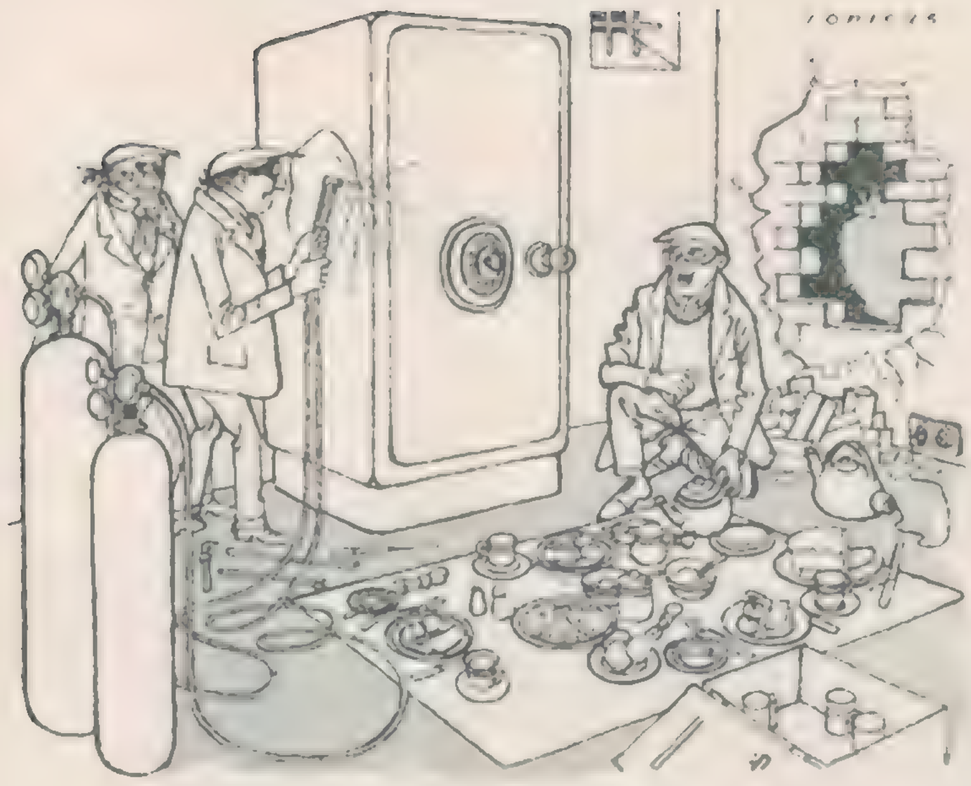

"Breakfast's ready"

your saying you don't like the old sponge. . . ."

Adam Goodman, the new undergardner, whistled cheerfully as he tacked up the wire netting round the tennis court. The door of the sports pavilion opened and Mademoiselle Blanche, the little mousy French mistress, looked out. She seemed startled at the sight of him. She hesitated and then went back inside.

"Wonder what she's been up to," said Adam to himself. It would not have occurred to him that Mademoiselle Blanche had been up to anything, if it had not been for her manner. She had a guilty look which immediately roused surmise in his mind.

Presently she came out again, closing the door behind her, and paused to speak as she passed him.

"Ah, you repair the netting, I see?"

"Yes, miss."

"They are very fine courts here, and the swimming pool and the pavilion, too. Oh, *le sport*! You think a lot in England of *le sport*, do you not?"

"Well, I suppose we do, miss."

"Do you play tennis yourself?" Her eyes appraised him in a definitely feminine way.

"No," he said untruthfully, "I don't play tennis. Haven't got the time."

"I have not had much time to look around," said Angele Blanche. "Not until today and it was so fine I thought I would like to examine the sports pavilion. I wish to write home to my friends in France who keep a school."

Again Adam wondered a little. It seemed a lot of unnecessary explanation. It was almost as though Mademoiselle Blanche wished to excuse her presence out here at the sports pavilion. But why should she? What had she been doing in the sports pavilion?

He looked thoughtfully at Mademoiselle Blanche. It would be a good thing perhaps to know a little more about her.

Subtly, deliberately, his manner changed.

"You must find it a bit dull sometimes working in a girls' school, miss," he said.

"It does not amuse me very much, no."

"Still," said Adam, "I suppose you get your time off, don't you?"

There was a slight pause. It was as though she were debating with herself. Then, he felt it was with slight regret, the distance between them was deliberately widened.

"Oh yes," she said, "I have very adequate time off. The conditions of employment here are excellent." She gave him a little nod. "Good morning." She walked off towards the house.

"You've been up to something," said Adam to himself, "in the sports pavilion."

He waited till she was out of sight, then he left his work, went across to the sports pavilion and looked inside. But nothing that he could see was out of place. "All the same," he said to himself, "she was up to something."

As he came out again, he was confronted unexpectedly by Ann Shapland.

"Do you know where Miss Bulstrode is?" she asked.

"No, miss. I've not seen her."

Ann was frowning. "What are you doing in the sports pavilion?"

Adam was slightly taken aback. *Nasty suspicious mind she's got,* he thought. He said, with a faint insolence in his voice: "Thought I'd like to take a look at it. No harm in looking, is there?"

"Oughtn't you to be getting on with your work?"

"I've just about finished nailing the wire round the tennis court." He turned, looking up at the building behind him. "This is new, isn't it? Must have cost a packet. The best of everything the young ladies here get."

"They pay for it," said Ann drily.

"Pay through the nose, so I've heard," agreed Adam.

He felt a desire he hardly understood himself, to wound or annoy this girl. She was so cool, so self-sufficient. He would really enjoy seeing her angry.

But Ann did not give him that satisfaction. She merely said: "You'd better finish tacking up the netting," and went back towards the house.

Half-way there, she slackened speed and looked back. Adam was busy at the tennis wire. She looked from him to the pavilion in a puzzled manner. . . .

On night duty in Hurst St. Cyprian Police Station, Sergeant Green yawned. The telephone rang and he picked up the receiver. A moment later his manner had changed completely.

"Yes? Meadowbank? Yes—and the name? Spell it, please. S-P-R-I-N-G-for greengage?—E-R. Springer. Yes. Yes, please see that nothing is disturbed. Someone'll be with you soon."

Rapidly and methodically he then proceeded to put into motion the various procedures indicated.

"Meadowbank?" said Detective Inspector Kelsey when he heard the news. "That's the girls' school, isn't it? Who is it who's been murdered?"

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NEXT WEEK: ***The mysterious disappearance of Shasta***

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Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

Your future hangs on these few votes

continued from page 18

new gardens, in do-it-yourself decorating, in hobbies and holidays and TV, Labour agents find it more difficult to maintain the old organization.

Further Conservative gains are signalled in Witham High Street, the centre of the Maldon constituency. The rustic house name-plates, the "Oakdenes" and the "Claremonts," dangle from their chains outside the ironmonger's store. Today private building firms are constructing more suburban houses than councils are. And when people start buying their own home on mortgage, the Tories' "you-never-had-it-so-good" image begins to gain conviction.

And what does—what can?—Gordon Richards say to the married couple who have just become proud home-owners, who acquired a washing machine last year, a refrigerator last week, and are now buying a small car?

Here, perhaps, in the prosperous Midlands and South, is the central difficulty facing the Labour Party tacticians—just as the persistence of unemployment is an ever-present worry for the Tories in the North.

Elections, runs the agent's main article of faith, are won not by making converts but by "getting out the vote"; by first locating, patiently and precisely, where all your supporters are, then stimulating, organizing, flattering, persuading, bullying and, in the last resort, carrying, them to the poll.

Last time, says Ted Mawdsley, echoing a hundred other agents all over Britain, some of the council estates of

MUSIC-LOVERS—4

Music should strike fire from the heart of man and bring tears from the eyes of woman.

Ludwig van Beethoven

Braintree polled only seventy per cent. Labour lost the election. "This time we're really going to go to town on Braintree."

Since the Wilson Committee found that thirty-five seats had been lost to Labour in 1955 by defective organization, considerable effort has been concentrated on the marginal seats. In some, thanks to the Small Lotteries Act, the running of a weekly "tote"—in Maldon 11,000 shilling tickets are sold—has made once-poor local parties rich beyond their wildest dreams. Small teams of paid canvassers—often undergraduates in the vacations—have been put to work pinpointing the vote. Many thousands of copies of Labour's "glossy" books have been handed over the doorsteps. Promises of help and cars—now unrestricted—have been recorded.

In the past, Tory organizers have been good at looking to the "postal vote" while Labour has been apt to ignore it. But not any more. In Maldon—which has one of the highest postal votes in the country—long-distance lorry drivers who may be away on polling day have been tracked down with the help of the Transport and General Workers' Union. In the better-organized parts of the constituency "street representatives" put in reports of voters taken to hospital or working temporarily out of town.

The "marginals" of the North might be a different universe. In the great tide of smoke-blackened bricks and mortar that flows north and east from Manchester and Merseyside, in the endless miles of drab mill cottages that make up the cotton towns, is to be found a concentration of voting power—sixty-two seats divided almost equally between Labour and Conservatives—which is not only the largest in Britain but also the most idiosyncratic and stubbornly marginal.

A stranger might expect Lancashire constituencies which are as solidly "working class" in aspect as, say, Blackburn, to be almost as safe for Labour as the Rhondda. Yet it is in Blackburn that Mrs. Barbara Castle, chairman of the Labour Party Executive, has for weeks past been working "like a beaver" (as an awed opponent puts it) on the doorsteps to hold a seat that returned her by only 489 votes.

In Blackburn today the velvet grime-black building of the Weavers' Union stands in the same street as the office of the Labour Party it does much to finance. But more trade unionists—large numbers of them women—vote Conservative in Lancashire than in any other part of Britain.

For in Lancashire tradition still runs deep. In those pre-H.P. days when the cotton towns were Britain's pace-setters in prosperity—the rôle now passed to the Midlands and the South—a thrifty, houseproud independence was the ruling ideal of many a mill family. Nor was there ever here the bleak, impersonal, class confrontations of the mining areas. The mill cottages clustered cosily around the family mills, whose owners were the same sort of men as their workers.

The brewer's boy

Framed on the wall in the office of Blackburn's Conservative Party agent, Frank Bolton, hangs a table of the results of every general election held in the town back to the first Reformed Parliament of 1832. For many years the town was represented by successive generations of Hornbys, the local mill-owners who provided the town's first mayor. The last of the line, Sir Russell, now in his seventies, is still a luminary of the Conservative Association.

Yet, if faithful to tradition, the town has through all this remained highly politically conscious and highly politically organized, with one of the highest polls in the country, only once in all these years falling to seventy-five per cent. In the Liberal landslide of 1906, Philip Snowdon was triumphantly returned for Labour—in the odd, if inevitable, company of a Conservative Hornby.

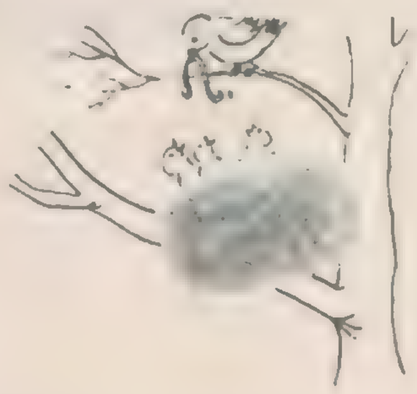
And now, in 1959, in their bid to unseat a leading figure of the Labour Party, the Blackburn Tories once again put their trust in local tradition.

From his home in Scotland they have brought down John Yerburgh (pronounced Yarborough), great-grandson of Daniel Thwaites, the local brewer who was one of Blackburn's M.P.s in the seventies.

"Did you ever come across my grandmother?" (a lady of some local renown) the candidate asks on the doorsteps. But even with the aid of nostalgic memories of the great days when Blackburn was "the biggest weaving town in the world," in a Lancashire in which over three hundred mills have closed down since the war, the Tory symbol of prosperity-for-all sadly lacks the dazzle-power it generates in the South.

For months past, agent Frank Bolton has watched local unemployment figures with eagle eye, telephoning anxiously around after each mill closure to discover the fate of the displaced workers. Not without reason, for opinion polls

THUMBTHING by Stowell



have been unanimous that "unemployment" will be the outstanding issue of the election; "nationalization" a very minor one.

By August, with the Blackburn figure fallen from 4.1 in February to 2.3 per cent and with the government's trade union-backed Cotton Redundancy Scheme (with compensation based on length of service for displaced workers) going smoothly into operation, Frank Bolton felt able to declare his confidence of victory with a new conviction.

Yet the surgical operation now in progress on the tough old body of Lancashire is severe, if overdue. It involves scrapping half the industry's spinning capacity and something like forty per cent of its looms.

To the middle-aged weaver who has just learned, out of the blue, that the mill where she and her family have worked all their lives is shutting down, and who can vividly recall that, even as late as 1938, one-third of Blackburn's working population was still unemployed, the gigantic posters on the hoardings, "DON'T LET LABOUR RUIN IT," are apt to lack conviction.

A more widespread difficulty confronting Tory challengers—which could be more than usually acute in such Lancashire industrial constituencies—is the troublesome old image of the Conservative Party, which Labour will naturally do its best to underline, as a "class" or Top People's party.

In Blackburn, Frank Bolton is at pains to emphasize that three-quarters of the members of his fourteen ward committees are men and women who work with their hands. But at the higher levels, Lord Woolton's "democratize-or-die" advice to the chastened party of the late forties seems to have had less effect.

The Tory image

In Blackburn, the bare biographical detail of the Conservative candidate offers the Labour propagandist a familiar and much-appreciated dish: Eton and Cambridge, the wealthy brewer family, Guards officer in the war, the estate in Scotland, first cousin to a peer, company director. . . .

This is the image which the candidate, a thirty-six year old bachelor, sets out to dispel on the scrupulously "stoned" steps of Blackburn's endless mill cottage streets. He may not find it difficult. Tall, unassuming, faintly ascetic, John Yerburgh, the brewer's son, is in some ways almost as much a New Model (Welfare State) Tory as, in Maldon, Gordon Richards, the docker's son, is "New Model" Labour.

There is little to indicate to eye or ear the social origins of either, and if one went to Cambridge and the other to Swansea University College, both—like Mrs. Barbara Castle, who went to Oxford—are graduates in economics, able to exchange the patter of "productivity" and "inflation" with anyone.

Besides being the election of the TV technician, the publicity man and the political organizer, this promises to be an economists' battle, too.

Six and a half million voters will be in their twenties, around half of them voting for the first time. Grown up in the "New Britain" of the postwar years, with many of the old landmarks gone, these young people must be one of the larger unknown quantities of the election, a major source of recruitment to that phantom army of "Don't Knows" which haunts agents' dreams.

Here the Liberals claim, with some justification, that—with their "fresh" and "agin the old gangs" approach—they have had the greatest success with the politically conscious minority, small as that may now be. In Greater Manchester, says Neville Stanton, the party's local federation secretary, the Young Liberals have been opening branches "so fast I can hardly keep track of them."

Older Labour Party workers, on the other hand, often bewail the "apathy" of the young, complaining of the shortage of young party workers. Even on the council estates, even in strong Labour families, it no longer follows that the children will continue in the political allegiance of the parents. They are more interested in enjoying their lives in the present (now possessing the materials to do so) than in engaging in what often seems to them barren and irrelevant argument about the future.

If the young still tend to be inclined vaguely leftwards, getting them to the polls at all is no longer easy—and there is always the chance that they may be diverted on their way there by the dances, barbecues and house-parties of the ever-energetic Young Conservatives. This may be the age of youth, but the Labour Party is all too obviously still groping for the right approach to the contemporary young person.

As polling day approaches, and the pendulum moves with agonizing slowness, a degree this way, a degree that, it becomes clear that in one way or another the "incidence of accident" is going to play a large part in determining the next government of Britain.

A very wet night—such as occurred in Blackburn on polling day in 1955, a popular TV programme—or Shakespeare—on the night, cars in the wrong place at the wrong time, the withdrawal of a Liberal at the eleventh hour, all these and many more could change the fate of many a marginal seat.

A quiet election, Labour professionals customarily claim, will always aid the Tories. Both in Maldon and in Blackburn, the local Labour parties put their trust in "being a little Left-Wing," believing that you bring out the vote in proportion as you bring out the differences between the two main parties.

It is perhaps a comment on the times that, over a large part of Britain, it nevertheless looks as if this somewhat basic electoral feat may be in danger of going unaccomplished. All the complex machinery of modern publicity is engaged in confronting pension plan with pension plan, new deal for schools with new deal for schools, design for leisure with design for leisure, fast industrial expansion with faster industrial expansion, homes-for-all with more-homes-for-all, glossy book with glossier poster, and "shining, shining white" with "whitest of all." THE END

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We advise . . .

I HAVE been given a summons to appear in court for a debt of £1 0s. 11d. However, I paid this account by cheque in May this year. I have been to the bank and had this checked—it has been paid into the other account, stamped and dated. What should I do?—C. B., Lytham, Lancs.

● In these circumstances you should complete the form attached to the summons, stating your defence in terms of the date on which the account was paid.

The court will then send a copy of it to the plaintiff, and if they do not notify you in good time that the summons is withdrawn, you should attend court, produce the receipt or cheque and claim costs and your expenses.

STOLEN FRUIT?

WHAT does the law say about fruit which falls from an overhanging tree into someone else's garden? — S. A. K., Walthamstow, London, E.17.

● The fruit of a tree belongs to the owner of the tree, despite the fact that it may overhang your garden.

If fruit falls, the owner can recover it, but if he shakes it down he cannot recover it without your consent from your garden. At the same time you cannot take fruit that he shakes down for your own use without his consent.

AN OLD PIECE

HOW can we tell the value of a corner cupboard of my mother's? It is more than a hundred years old, has a glass door and stands on short legs.—J. S., Consett, Co. Durham.

● As you are sure of the age of this cupboard, which sounds as though it may very well be a genuine antique, you should consult the British Antique Dealers' Association, 16 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and ask for the association's approved list of members to be sent to you.

From this list you can select a dealer who will come and estimate the value of the piece of furniture for you.

FOWL DRAINS

A PRIVATE builder erecting new houses at the rear of my garden laid new drains which came through my garden, damaging my fowl pens and also destroying growing vegetables. As I am only a tenant, I spoke to the landlord who said he had given permission for the work, without consulting me. Am I entitled to any compensation?—J. I., Stannington, nr. Sheffield.

● If your pens and crops were damaged through the negligence of the contractor he can be held liable for all loss you have suffered. The fact that you are a tenant or that your landlord gave consent does not affect your claim.

CASUAL LIABILITY

I WANT to employ a man to do some outdoor painting in his spare time. Am I liable for damages in the event of an accident? If so, can I insure against this? And if the man gets someone else to help him, how do I stand about the second man?—J. E., Shotton Coll., Co. Durham.

● The men who are employed by you to paint your house in their spare time

Beppo's day out

continued from page 16

perform many strange duties.' And this, I suppose, was one of the circumstances he had in mind." He looked at High-up. "I expect you'll have in your stores both raisins and rum?"

High-up nodded meekly, like a man who has finally given in. Chicky and I went and collected the organ and wheeled it down to Monkey Hill.

The sky was purple and night was almost down as the keepers took up strategic positions on the lower slopes, and High-up stood by with a jam-jar of raisins floating in rum. The animals were still growling and grumbling and they took further offence when Chicky wound the handle of the barrel-organ.

"To think," said Father Gregory, as he put on the costume, "that an hour ago, without a care in the world, I was filling in the six-monthly hymn-book return. . . ." He burst into song.

And thus it was that Father Gregory, parish priest, one-time centre-half for Glasgow Celtic, the finest tenor, bar Uncle Carlo, in the whole length of the Old Kent Road, wearing a pom-pom hat and a red-and-gold toreador's jacket, stood before Monkey Hill in the Royal Zoological Gardens and gave out with "The Rose Of Tralee" to an audience of 158 baboons and one small brown monkey.

Father Gregory had a voice as clear and limpid as McCormack. It floated sweetly out over the trees and up to the dark hulk of the Mappin Terraces.

It was a situation that was funny and ludicrous, and yet somehow beautiful, too. I will remember that night as long

would be regarded as being independent contractors.

In this case you would have no liability for any accident, unless it was caused by negligence on your part.

MARRIAGE DEMARCATION

IS it possible for a man to marry his deceased or divorced wife's sister? There is no mention of this in the Church of England Common Prayer Book and I particularly want to be sure. —Mrs. C. G., Hinckley, Leics.

● A man may marry his deceased's wife's sister, but not his divorced wife's sister so long as his divorced wife is still alive.

SCENT UP THE WALL

IS there a paint on the market which is free from smell? Where can I buy it?—Miss H., Bolton.

● Nearly all the emulsion paints are more or less free from smell. Oil-bound paints are bound to have a stronger odour, but in most cases this soon goes, provided the room is properly ventilated.

Emulsion paints which have been stored for some time may have a persistent smell, so make sure that the stocks from which you get your supplies—any paint dealer will help you —are not too old.

NO ACCOUNT TO SETTLE

SOME time ago I put a house in the hands of an agent to be sold. After six months I withdrew it, as they could not sell it, and sold it myself for £850. Now they have sent me an account for advertising, etc., and a handling fee of three guineas. The total is £18 10s. Am I liable for this?—G. F. D., Gt. Barr, Birmingham, 22A.

● Unless you agreed to pay the house agent a handling fee or the cost of advertising the property for sale, you have no legal liability for either charge.

THE BACK ENTRANCE

WE have a back entrance wide enough to take a car or van and by the side of my garden is a small piece of land, large enough for a van to park on. I am having my kitchen plastered and now my neighbours are objecting to the builder's van—which is not obstructing their entrances—being parked on this piece of ground. They say it should park in front of the house and the materials be carried through. Can they stop the van using the back entrance?—Mrs. G. H., Stoke Green, Coventry.

● If the back entrance and piece of land are used in common with your neighbours there is no reason why you should not use them, provided you do not cause any nuisance by obstruction or otherwise.

The owner of the van would have no right to park on the land unless he is working for you or your neighbour, and if he does so, he could be asked to remove the vehicle.

Worth Noting

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▶ **Child's tea-cloth:** Protect your table from meal-time spills and keep the children amused at the same time, by introducing one of the new plastic tablecloths with a "Sooty" design. This opaque plastic cloth measures 45 in. square and the adventures of Sooty, the little bear of television fame, are depicted round a wide coloured border. Priced 4s. 11d., from most large stores. By Fablon.

▶ **First fitted blanket:** A pure wool honeycomb-weave blanket with fitted corners at one end to fit snugly over a mattress, and tuck-in sides, is the latest move towards easy bed-making. This Ariel blanket is bound with nylon satin and is made of Dylan shrink-resistant wool.

This means that it can be washed at home without fear of shrinking, matting or felting. In four colours, jade green, clover pink, primrose yellow and lavender blue, the single-bed size costs £4 9s. 6d. and the double-bed size £5 19s. 6d. By E. Fogarty and Co., Ltd.

▶ **Vitreous enamelled tiles:** Of particular interest to the home handyman, these aluminium tiles can be easily bent, cut with shears, punched or drilled, and will not crack, break or rust.

They are simply fixed with an adhesive specially made for the job. Choose from red, blue, green, primrose, cream, black or white, in colours which are fadeless.

A pack containing twelve Judgelite tiles measuring 4 in. by 4 in. sells for 7s. 6d. Adhesive sells at 4s. 6d. per 5-oz. tube or 8s. 6d. per pint tin. From large stores.

▶ **Vinyl-sheet doors:** Space-saving doors made of vinyl sheeting can help your space problems. Operated from an overhead track of nylon runners, the doors fold back concertina style and can be fitted with a magnetic catch. Valance boards in matching vinyl complete the effect.

The sizes range from 2ft. 3in. by 6 ft. 8 in. up to 8 ft. by 8 ft. Prices range from £3 upwards.

These doors can be fitted quite easily by the home handyman, as full instructions are supplied with each kit. By the Marley Tile Co., Ltd., Sevenoaks, Kent.

▶ **Black rubber mats:** Avoid the slightly grey look in black rubber mats by applying a coating of black shoe polish. Brush lightly afterwards. (J. Loynes, Coventry.)

as I live. As the priest sang, the animals grew quiet and peaceful again—St. Francis himself would have been envious—and settled down to an attentive silence.

A small grey figure moved up on top of Monkey Hill, came down the slope, hesitated, looked long at the toreador outside the railings, clucked with joy and came bounding over the rocks.

We fed Beppo with raisins till he was as tight as a tick, and then put him to sleep in the tasselled cage. Father Gregory chugged off in his Austin to tell our people their boys were going to be late, and we trundled off.

Three hours and more behind schedule, but in good order, we pushed the barrel-organ over Westminster Bridge. Big Ben was striking, the lights were shining in the black water, and the trams rattling by as if nothing had ever happened. THE END

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